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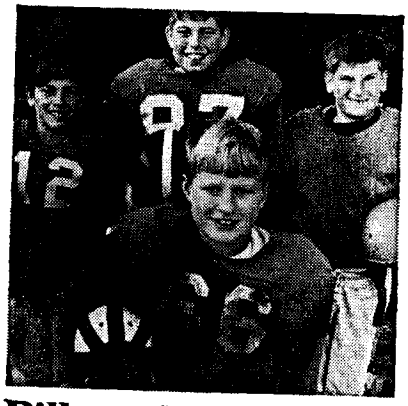

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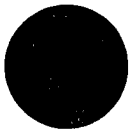

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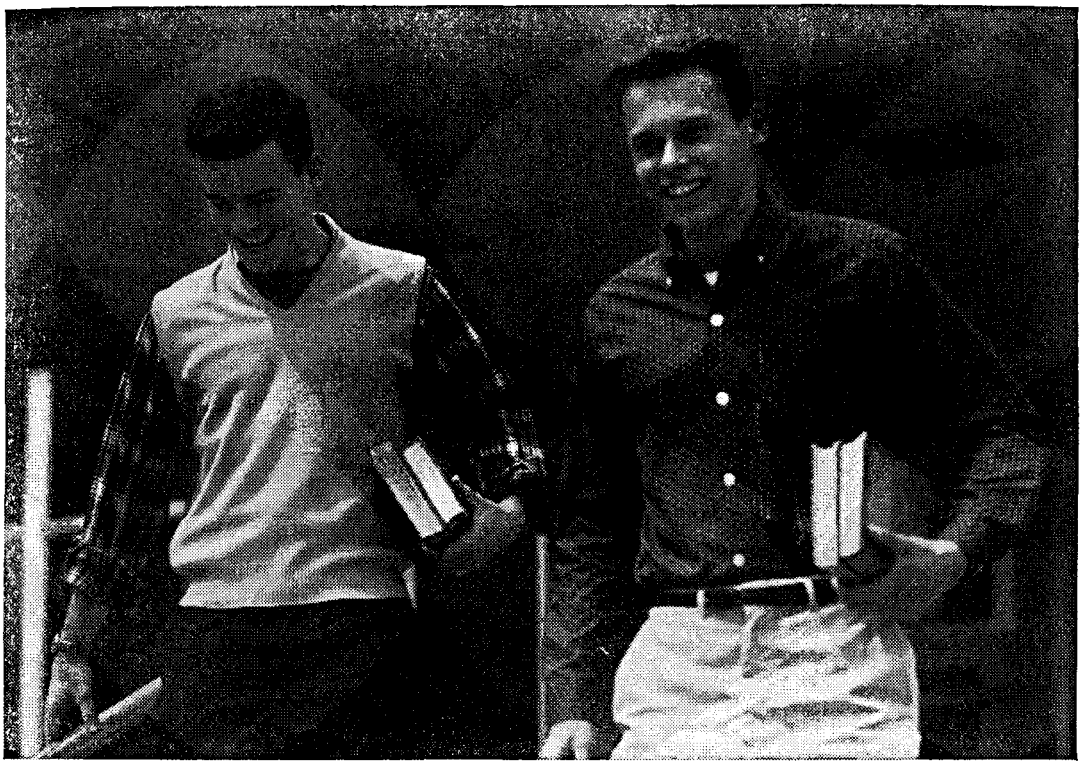

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Two articles in two magazines have drawn my attention to the existence of a Literary Establishment described as rather more distinct than anything of the sort that existed in my day. Members of this Establishment are said to be primarily concerned with talking to (and impressing) one another, although they also have great influence upon that section of intellectual youth that dutifully likes what it is told it ought to like and turns up its nose on cue from the noses of Establishment members. Some, at least, of the members seem tacitly, and sometimes explicitly, to accept a criterion of literary merit that seems to me highly unreliable: "Wide popularity is prima facie evidence of inferior quality." To me it seems that "Popular, therefore inferior" is almost as likely to mislead as "Popular and therefore excellent."

It is of course a commonplace of the textbooks that by the middle of the eighteenth century literacy—in England at least—was sufficiently widespread to make it possible for a writer to appeal from the patron to the public. Some persons have always regarded this as an unmixed blessing; others have pointed out that it made a great deal of trash profitable. The thesis propounded by some members of the Establishment seems to be that the emergence of a large public was an unmixed calamity and that, since the time when it appeared, High Culture has been squeezed out by Mass Culture on the one hand and Middlebrow Culture on the other; also that of the two latter, both of which now flourish exuberantly, the Middlebrow is the worse, because it competes directly with the High and is likely to be mistaken for it by that large public that believes itself to be cultured when it is only vulgar.

Hence the importance of the Establishment. It alone can accomplish the task of separating the sheep from the goats or, in more elegant terms, of pointing out to the few outside the Establishment who are capable of appreciating High Art which books belong in this category and which are mere vulgar pretenders.

Now I certainly do not believe that all best sellers are masterpieces or that a novel or a play must be great if it is much admired for a month or two by what is called the educated public.

On the other hand, history will bear me out that there are many instances where time has reversed the contemporary judgment of the most solemn critics. "Who reads Cowley now?" The answer was "Nobody" only a generation after he had been the darling of the highbrows. And of course the most notorious example is Shakespeare. If popularity damns, then there is no hope for Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Fielding, Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope or Tennyson, every one of whom (except possibly the first) not only enjoyed a public larger than the elite of his day, but catered unconsciously or consciously to the large public by making concessions to it. All had at least some of the stigmata of the middlebrow: they were definitely not *avant-garde,* they appealed to the masses; they were in many respects imitative of their predecessors; and, in the case of several, definitely chauvinistic.

It is, of course, as easy to idealize the

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populace as it is to idealize the aristocracy, but to assume that the aristocratic patron necessarily had good taste is to succumb to the "good old days" fallacy. Suppose that the reputation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* had depended, not upon the public which hailed it as a masterpiece, but upon that prince of the royal blood who accepted a copy of the second volume with the immortal words: "Another damned, thick, square book. Always scribble, scribble—eh, Mr. Gibbon?"

Petrarch, who admired the unread and now unreadable serious works of Boccaccio, referred contemptuously to the *Decameron* as "Published, I presume, during your early years." But the middlebrow public of his day had given it a warm reception. In the prologue to *Don Quixote,* Cervantes says that his aim is to write so that "the simple shall not be wearied, but the grave shall not despise it." Yet for all that, he seems to have been unhappy about his masterpiece and wrote thereafter only the unreadable *Persiles and Sigismunda,* which was clearly intended to meet the standards of High Art as defined by the serious critics of his day.

I doubt that popularity or accessibility is a reliable criterion of either worth or worthlessness, especially since books not perhaps intended for the general public, and perhaps at first not accepted by it, sometimes turn out to be exceedingly popular in the long run.

Swift, it should be remembered, said that he wrote *Gulliver's Travels* to vex mankind, not to please it. That is something that the Establishment would approve of highly. He had as great a contempt for the brains, taste and integrity of the average Englishman as any member of the Establishment has for the taste, brains and integrity of his contemporaries. But *Gulliver's Travels* was soon one of the most widely read books in the language. As Chesterton said, there is only one thing worse than being afraid to disagree with the public and that is being afraid to agree with it.

Do members of the Establishment get nervous if a new book from their typewriters sells more than any of their previous books? Would they refuse to write for a magazine whose circulation grew beyond a certain point? And if so, then what, precisely, is that point? How widely can a book be read and still escape damnation as Middlebrow? How does a member of the Establishment feel when he gets a favorable review in the *New York Times Book Review*—which happens to be, of all organs of literary opinion, the one that members of the Establishment hold in greatest contempt.

Many years ago the woman editor of what was at the time the most widely respected highbrow monthly told me that her writers, unlike those who wrote for the *Nation,* could be sure that what they said would be understood. "We have," she explained, "succeeded in whittling our circulation away until we reach only those genuinely interested in aesthetics." Not long after this remark the magazine succumbed to its success. I wonder if those members of the Establishment who occasionally contribute to such magazines as *Esquire* and *Playboy* have ever advised the editors to "whittle away" their circulation.

It has been explained to us very often (sometimes apologetically and sometimes with complacency) that ours is an age of criticism and this is, of course, one reason why the critics tend to assume that the nonprofessional reader is necessarily wrong. But the Alexandrian Age also was an age of criticism and there is something Alexandrian about much contemporary critical analysis. It seems to be assumed that poems exist in order to be explicated and that, therefore, the best poem is the one that provides the explicator with the best opportunity to exercise his ingenuity.

Similarly, novels exist in order that critics may lay bare their symbolic or mythological content (often unsuspected by the novelist himself). Thus Mark Twain certainly did not know that *Huckleberry Finn* was, as one of the best-known contemporary critics has recently demon-

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strated to his own satisfaction, a homosexual novel. Indeed the tendency to discover various other hidden complexes where they have previously been unsuspected may remind some of us of the story of the psychiatrist who told a patient who had just submitted to the ink blot test that he was obviously obsessed by sex. "I'm obsessed by sex—I am the one who is obsessed by sex!" the patient exclaimed. "Who has been showing me all those dirty pictures?"

And when the critic, instead of merely pointing out that *Huckleberry Finn,* or some other great novel, has been admired for the wrong reason, undertakes the complementary demonstration that some nearly unreadable work is really a masterpiece because its author has so obviously understood that the true function of the novel is to be ambiguous, mythic, or involved with the castration or some other complex, I am reminded of what a seventeenth-century French reader remarked when the author of an epic poem called attention to the fact that he had scrupulously "obeyed all the rules of Aristotle": "I am grateful to him for having obeyed the rules of Aristotle but I am very angry at Aristotle for having compelled him to write so dull a poem."

Even the ideal of pure poetry, pure painting and pure music seems to me to lead nowhere. So does the stated determination of the modern poets that every word must be inevitable, indispensable and profoundly significant—that there must be, above all, no uninspired lines. If Homer sometimes nods, why should not a modern poet be granted a similar indulgence? Byron is full of commonplaces, so are Wordsworth and Tennyson. But are they destined to be regarded always as lesser than Ezra Pound and Robert Lowell? What in the long run we demand is not perfection but a rewarding whole.

Serious critics (in the special but familiar sense of the term) have never taken me seriously. Perhaps, then, it is only sour grapes to say that they have, in one sense, taken themselves too seriously—not because they are (as I have often found them) acute, conscientious and illuminating, but because they vastly overestimate their own influence upon the fate of literary works. The members of the Leavis school (who represent this kind of seriousness at its most serious) sometimes state explicitly, and they imply almost continuously, that they are aware of a tremendous and almost dreadful responsibility. Just insofar as they prevail, just thus far will righteousness prevail. On them and on other serious critics falls the task of making the proper discriminations and arranging in their proper order the hierarchy of writers past and present. Just to the extent that they do so will the genuinely great get their due and the inferior be prevented from enjoying the attention and esteem they do not merit.

It is, these critics say (and to this extent I agree with them), tremendously important that excellence be recognized and vulgarity discountenanced. But I don't agree with their corollary that righteousness will prevail just to the extent that serious critics champion it. No man, said Dr. Johnson, was ever written down except by himself. That, I think, is about nine-tenths true; and so is what Johnson might have added but didn't: No man is ever written *up* except by himself.

Criticism is an interesting activity for the critic and often makes interesting reading for the reader. It is a stream that flows parallel to the great stream of creative writing. But in the end it will be the writer not the critic who determines what is High Art and what is Middlebrow Vulgarity. Not even Professor Leavis can exercise much influence upon the ultimate reputation of those whom (with such a sense of his awful responsibility) he attempts to write down or write up. Whether or not D. H. Lawrence is ultimately established as the greatest English writer of the twentieth century will depend upon what Mr. Lawrence wrote, not upon what Professor Leavis has said about it.

In favor of the outmoded and now despised impressionistic, or adventures-of-the-soul-among-the-masterpieces, kind of criti-

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cism, which T. S. Eliot damned as the expression of the weak creative impulse rather than the genuinely critical, at least this much can be said: it recognizes the secondary role of the critic instead of seeming to elevate him above the creator.

Shortly after the end of the First World War a Columbia University professor published an enormously successful novel. As is so often the case when an academic or a highbrow achieves popular success, he was so delighted that he was unnecessarily insistent upon calling the attention of his colleagues to the fact that he was famous. The following story, which I believe to be true, was told: The wife of the best-selling author met on campus one of his professorial colleagues and demanded excitedly, "Have you read John's book?" "Not yet," was the reply. "Oh," she said, "it is a great book; you must read it right away; it will endure." "In that case," replied the possibly envious colleague, "there is no hurry."

Critics who are too much concerned with undeserved popularity or undeserved neglect might bear this anecdote in mind. I don't say that criticism may not hasten or retard, but I do say that serious critics need not wake up in the middle of the night in terror lest they have damned some great book to eternity or enthroned some faker.

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Intelligence, the University and Society

KENNETH B. CLARK

MAN IS AN ORGANISM that seeks and demands explanations. He has sought to understand the mysteries of his environment. He has asked questions, and searched for answers, about his origin and the meaning of his existence. He has been profoundly concerned and anxious about his ability to survive in the face of his comparative physical weaknesses and the multiple dangers of his environment. Man asks these questions and seeks their answers because he is an intelligent being who is not limited to mere behavioral interactions with his environment. He is a conscious, reflective, evaluative, anxious being who is required to be as responsive to the realities of his ideational and created environments as to his physical and biological environments. The fact of human intelligence demands this. Human intelligence also provides the key to the answers to the questions it is capable of raising. Man believes that he has survived as a species and will continue to survive in spite of his skeletal weakness because he has the intelligence necessary to probe, to seek to understand and to control the environmental forces that threaten him.

So far, his experience supports this intellectual circularity and chauvinism.

The critical question of this period of human history—the answer to which, paradoxically, must also be obtained through the critical use of man's mind—is whether human intelligence as traditionally defined offers any reliable assurance of human survival. This question may seem hopelessly abstract, even trite. But

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nothing could be more concrete. Is pure intelligence enough to protect man from self-inflicted destruction?

Paradox and irony are inherent in this question:

—The choice is between a world of leisure, of productive and creative humanity, or a world destroyed through human intelligence. Man's understanding and his mastery of matter and energy justify his claims to godlike superiority; provide him with the basis for enriching and deepening human experience; and, at the same time, provide him with the instruments for ultimate destruction.

—Science and technology, among the constructive benefits of human intelligence, cannot, at present, be divorced from possible destruction or inhuman uses. Some have sought to resolve this dilemma by suggesting that certain scientific discoveries be destroyed or blocked before fulfillment. Yet the power of thought cannot be artificially or arbitrarily controlled without atrophy. We cannot have the benefits of the unfettered mind without freedom and risk. To control intelligence in the attempt to insure only benevolent consequences would be a Pyrrhic victory sentencing the human race to ignorance, stagnation and decadence, and probably would be impossible.

—Free human intelligence and its richest consequences—science, technology, art, literature, philosophy and religion—are essential to human progress and survival. But in their pure form, they are not enough. They do not in themselves reduce the capricious dangers and hazards to life. They bring with them now the novel and awesome possibility of self-inflicted annihilation.

Now our gods are the gods of Intelligence, Science and Technology. These gods have their powerful priests and apostles. Their true believers are uncritically abject, obsequious and worshipful in the faith that these omnipotent and omniscient gods will protect and save them and enrich their lives. But there remains the gnawing suspicion that these contemporary gods are fickle and treacherous. They promise and they taunt. They fulfill and they tantalize. They offer the extension and the deepening of life and they threaten imminent extinction. They play with man as they dare him to question their power. They know that man dares not doubt, dares not question and dares not now reject them because

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to do so would be to throw him back to a state of futility, helplessness, insecurity and despair even more stultifying than that faced by his most primitive ancestors. Man now emerges as the victorious prisoner of his own intelligence. He cowers in each victory. As he rockets to the moon, he plans the futility of protection from nuclear devastation on earth.

This paradox of human intelligence can only be resolved through the use of courageous and creative human intelligence. A reasonable starting postulate could be that the present threats to survival do not result from too much intelligence, or too much science or even from too much technology. Like his ancestors who faced crises of survival, contemporary man is also threatened by ignorance. The ignorance of modern man, however, is not that which can be cured by the exercise of pure intelligence. His critical ignorance lies in an inadequate functional sense of social morality.

Social morality is illusive and difficult to define. It involves not only man's intelligence but his feelings and his total being.

Social morality depends upon man's capacity to give and to receive love, to be kind and to be empathic. Love in its most concrete sense is a primary emotion essential to the preservation of the species. It is a positive and adaptive emotion, which involves an affinity and desire for closeness with another human being. It is essential for survival. Kindness may be viewed as the generalized expression of love, concern and sensitivity in interpersonal relations. A kind person seeks to be helpful. Empathy is the ability to feel into and to identify with the needs of another human being. An empathic person shares another's concerns, joys, anguish, despair, frustrations, hopes and aspirations as if they were his own. Empathy, unlike love, is not concrete and primary but rather requires the capacity for abstract thought. Empathy is not possible for a limited, defective, egocentric or animalistic human organism. Without empathy, social morality, social responsibility, justice, and human society itself would not be possible. Empathy involves the convergence of human intelligence, love and kindness.

There are those who are described and who describe themselves as tough-minded realists who contend that love, kindness

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and empathy are mere disguises for more powerful and primitive egocentric and animalistic impulses in man. They contend that there is no stable basis for social morality and that all morality is a thin pretensive veneer quick to disappear under stress, deprivation or adversity. This debate between the advocates of man's moral capacity and obligations and those who contend that only egocentric power imperatives are important has dominated man's struggle to define the dimensions of his humanity from the awakening of human consciousness up to the present Vietnam protests.

Those who argue that man is incapable of a dependable functional form of social morality have given up and written the epitaph of the human species. This is so because the chief threat to human survival is to be found in the exercise of pure, amoral human intelligence in the service of man's irrational, primitive, egocentric, animalistic impulses harnessed to his blind quest for power and status.

Probably the only protection for contemporary man is to discover how to use his intelligence in the service of love and kindness. The training of human intelligence must include the simultaneous development of the empathic capacity. Only in this way can intelligence be made an instrument of social morality and responsibility—and thereby increase the chances of survival.

The need to produce human beings with trained morally sensitive intelligence is essentially a challenge to educators and educational institutions. Traditionally, the realm of social morality was left to religion and the churches as guardians or custodians. But their failure to fulfill this responsibility and their yielding to the seductive lures of the men of wealth and pomp and power are documented by the history of the last two thousand years and have now resulted in the irrelevant "God Is Dead" theological rhetoric. The more pragmatic men of power have had no time or inclination to deal with the fundamental problems of social morality. For them simplistic Machiavellianism must remain the guiding principle of their decisions—power *is* morality, morality is power. This oversimplification increases the chances of nuclear devastation. We must therefore hope that educators and educa-

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tional institutions have the capacity, the commitment and the time to instill moral sensitivity as an integral part of the complex pattern of functional human intelligence. Some way must be found in the training of human beings to give them the assurance to love, the security to be kind, and the integrity required for a functional empathy.

This task will not be any easier for our colleges and universities than it has been for our churches, for our universities are a part of a society dominated by power. They too seek the protection, safety and status that come with identification with those who have power. The avoidance of this socially and morally responsible role takes many forms—some subtle and some flagrant. Among the more subtle forms of escape are the postures and assertions of moral relativism, of academic detachment, of philosophical purity and scientific objectivity.

According to the proponents of moral relativism, right and wrong, good and bad, justice and injustice are relative values which are not subject to empirical, objective or consistent definition. They assert that moral values are determined by the society or culture within which the individual is socialized, and that the prevailing social norms will determine what a person believes and how he behaves toward his fellowman. Initially this view arose from the important work of the cultural anthropologists and reflected the growing liberalism and tolerance of human differences characteristic of certain aspects of twentieth-century American social science. But the fashionable oversimplification of moral relativism and its confusion with moral nihilism masked the basic fact that man is unique as a value-seeking and moral organism. Nor can the horrors of infanticide, genocide and Hitlerian Nazism be comprehended or dealt with within moral relativism's limited and naïve conceptual framework. Literalistic moral relativism must be seen as indifference, as insensitivity, and as moral and intellectual confusion. To the extent that colleges and universities promulgate this point of view without powerful countervailing probes, they provide an adequate escape from any moral commitment for themselves and they leave their students without moral guidelines essential for the responsible use of intelligence.

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The same must be said for the postures of academic detachment and scientific objectivity when they are defined as precluding the making of moral judgments and the rejection of the responsibility to remedy that which is wrong or unjust in our society. It is argued that detachment and objectivity are required for the discovery of truth. But of what value is a soulless truth? Does not truth require meaning? And does not meaning require a context of values? Is there any meaningful or relevant truth without commitment?

How is it possible to study a slum objectively? What manner of human being can remain detached as he watches the dehumanization of other human beings? Why would one want to study a sick child except to make that child well?

Intellectual detachment and scientific objectivity can be most insidious and dangerous forms of moral irresponsibility. Indifference, equivocation and expediency avoid the risks engendered by the use of human intelligence for the attainment of social justice and human progress. When our colleges and universities become havens from value, when our teachers become defenders of such transparent escapes, they abdicate their responsibilities for moral leadership and they contribute to, if not help to create, the profound tragedy of the moral erosion and emptiness of those who have the intellectual gifts that might make human advancement and survival possible.

The persistent protests of a small number of our college students extensively reported in the newspapers beginning with the first sit-ins of Negro college students, followed by the Berkeley rebellion, and the Vietnam protests can be seen as symptomatic of the deep undercurrent of moral uneasiness of sensitive young people. They are demanding of their colleges and the universities some demonstration of humanity. They are demanding honesty. They are demanding evidence of concern with justice. They are demanding that colleges and universities be socially and morally relevant. They are few, and they are anguished and confused; but they are concerned—and they assume the risks of the concerned.

So far our colleges and universities and the men who control and run them have not yet answered these young people affirma-

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tively. Perhaps they do not understand them. It is probably that the years of moral denial and studied blindness to flagrant problems of social injustice that were deemed essential to the efficient financing and administration of a large and complex educational institution have made it difficult and impractical to listen to pleas for dialogue and for resolution of fundamental moral issues. Our colleges and universities have a long history of default on important moral issues. They have frequently tried to make a virtue of isolation from the problems of the marketplace and from the anguished yearnings of the deprived and powerless people of our society. They have thrown in their lot with the powerful in government, business and industry. Their concern with purity of research is reconciled with relative ease as they accept larger and larger grants and subsidies from the Defense Department, from the C.I.A., and from big business for work on practical problems —problems of power. It is only when the issue is directly or indirectly one of social justice or fundamental social change that our colleges and universities raise questions concerning the propriety of institutional involvement or the role of a professor, and ask whether involvement is consistent with the pure and detached quest for truth.

An attempt at a somewhat balanced appraisal of the role of American universities requires one to mention some exceptions to these severe charges. Probably the chief exception would be found in the research and teaching in the medical and public health schools of our universities, which are directly tied to human need and human welfare. Their findings must be directly or indirectly relevant. They cannot be pompously trivial. But even they are more concerned with individual cure than with the prevention of the conditions of poverty and degradation that lead to disease.

There are many specific and relevant areas in which American colleges and universities have defaulted in providing morally sensitive intellectual leadership for our society:

—They have watched silently, and facilitated, the process whereby education from the primary grades on has become ruthlessly competitive and anxiety-producing—in which the possibility

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of empathy, concern for one's classmate and the use of superior intelligence as a social trust are precluded, as our children are required to learn by their experiences in the classroom, by the demands of their teachers and the insistence of their parents, that education is competition and that intelligence is a device to obtain superior status and economic advantage over others.

—Under the guise of efficiency, the demands of mass education and the pressure of limited facilities in colleges, they have facilitated the reduction of the educational process to the level of content retention required for the necessary score on the College Boards and the Graduate Record Examinations at the price of reflective and critical thought.

—They have permitted our elementary and secondary schools to become contaminated by and organized in terms of the educationally irrelevant factors of race and economic status.

—They have watched without sustained protests the erosion of the quality of education provided for minority group children and other lower-status children—erosion to the point of criminal inefficiency and dehumanization.

—They have watched in silence the creeping blight of our cities and the spawning of Negro ghettos, concerned only when the pathologies associated with the ghetto come too close to the walls of the university. Only then do they seek to protect themselves, sometimes through a ruthless and callous dispossessing of the unwanted lower-status people.

—They have abdicated any sustained, forthright moral leadership in America's attempt to resolve the anguish of its pervasive racial problem. Leadership in the civil rights struggle has come from civil rights organizations, from the federal courts, and more recently from the executive and legislative branches of the federal and some state governments; and from the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish churches and synagogues. Despite the commitment of some of their faculty, American colleges and universities have, as institutions, remained detached and nonrelevant to this major domestic issue of our times. Indeed colleges and universities are major bastions of a subtle and persistent form of white supremacy.

In summary, the major charge that must now be made against

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American colleges and universities is that they have not fulfilled their responsibility and obligation to develop and train human beings with a morally relevant and socially responsible intelligence. They have operated as if it were possible for a detached, amoral intelligence to be adaptive. They have not provided their students with the moral guidelines essential for the effective, creative and adaptive use of superior intelligence. They have not provided their faculties with the stimulation or protection for a socially responsible use of their own critical intelligence. And above all they have not provided the moral leadership for society—they have not alerted the public to the urgency of finding moral and democratic solutions to critical domestic and international problems.

Given these real and chronic deficiencies, how can one hope that American colleges and universities can become morally relevant in time to make any difference in the destiny of man? One can hope because one must. The deficiencies in our educational system are remediable. The first step in any attempt at remedying a problem is the courage to recognize it as a problem—followed by the commitment to change.

A realistic basis for hope is found in the fact that man has the capacity for empathy. He struggles for values. He insists and argues and demands and dies and kills in his tortuous and often pathetic quests for moral stabilities. Another basis for hope is that empathy, like intelligence, can be made more functional and effective through education. If it is trained and directed it can become meaningful for the individual and adaptive for the society. If it is untrained it becomes unpredictable, random, misdirected, or it atrophies. The acceptance of the responsibility to reinforce man's empathic capacity as an integral part of the responsibility to train intellect is now the clear challenge of relevance confronting contemporary educational institutions.

American higher education need not continue to subordinate itself to the goals of efficiency, expediency, power, status and success. Young people can be trained in our schools, colleges and universities to value critical and independent thought above affability; to value individuality and creativity above conformity and packaged opinions; to value evidence of concern, commitment and so-

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cial sensitivity above personal acceptance and mere social success. Once they understand the stakes and the nature of the challenge, it will be possible for our colleges and universities to produce totally educated persons.

A truly educated person is trained to mesh his intelligence with his feelings in a disciplined whole. He cannot deny or subordinate either his brain or his heart because each is essential to the effective functioning of the other. Our colleges must provide the opportunities for students to test their courage to stand alone —to accept the risks of alienation and aloneness that come with the anguish and the torture of the search for moral commitment and disciplined, intelligent action. Colleges must be the place where human beings are prepared to bolster intelligence with compassion, courage and increasing wisdom. American colleges and universities will demonstrate that they are relevant to the crucial issues of our times, that they are morally adaptive, and therefore that they can contribute to the survival of the human race, when they fully and functionally accept as their responsibility the need to train individuals of moral intelligence who demonstrate by the totality of their lives that they understand that an injustice perpetrated upon any human being robs them of some of their humanity and demands of them personal, constructive and intelligent action for justice. Wisdom and moral sensitivity tempering human intelligence are not now ethical abstractions. They are survival imperatives. Relevant colleges and universities can and must make them real.

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Aspects of the Present

WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Carl Sandburg said he could still recall a commencement address delivered at Lombard College at the turn of the century. On that occasion a certain Mr. Throckmorton exhorted his audience to preserve the traditional values in the midst of a dangerously chaotic age. Mr. Sandburg's power of recollection is prodigious—Ford Maddox Ford said that genius is memory—but in this instance it also seems unnatural. It is not common to recall commencement speakers, because they must be Polonius and so end by preaching precepts to the next generation. Giving advice ceremoniously to the young is as footless as giving it to the old, although not so cruel. After all, such advice is impersonal to both: the young cannot credit it and the old cannot use it.

Without exhortation, then, I presume that we are all, whatever our years, interested in things contemporary and in things prospective. On leaving college you are perforce concerned with the future and already convinced it will be quite unlike the present. This probably does not dismay, for your education has left you with the notion—if not as a principle then as a residue—that the only assured, unqualified process in society is the flux of constant change. Humanistic teaching in America has encouraged you to expect change in practically all forms of social conduct. One needs to say "in America," for a persistent belief in this notion is singularly native. No society has less feared change than our own, nor has any other been more confident of its effects. We readily adhere to social liberalism; it is our mark.

Yet, accepting the fact of change is not quite the same as com-

✪ WILLIAM JOVANOVICH, president of Harcourt, Brace & World, gave this commencement address on May 30, 1966, at Colorado College, Colorado Springs. Cited as a "man of affairs, intellectual, humanist," he received on that occasion an honorary Doctor of Letters degree.

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prehending how it works. Acceptance of the inevitable is not worthy of celebration in any event, as Carlyle suggested of Margaret Fuller's relation to the universe. Understanding the explicit courses of change, which is to say, understanding how the future devolves from the present, is the most difficult exercise in perception. The difficulty derives less from an inability to look ahead than from a failure to look around: the limitations are those not of prophecy but of observation. To make reasonable projections on the ways of social change requires, it would seem, not a vision of things to come but a conception of things as they are. Our need, crucially, is to examine the present environment without holding the prejudice that it is simply *recent history* and, beyond this, to speculate about it: we need, in short, not only to live in the present but also to imagine it. Sensibility is all.

How arduous is this prescription! The fact is that the present environment is not ordinarily visible. Indeed, for most people the present environment becomes visible—that is, relatable to one's own attitudes and behavior in some creditable pattern of cause and effect, action and reaction—only when it has been succeeded by a new environment, only when it is no longer really current. Most of us are not contemporary in the way that, notably, the artist is. We are accustomed to think that contemporary art is *avant-garde* by reason of its being different from the pragmatical view of the world. Of the "op" painter, the *nouveau romancier* who writes stories in which there is no story line, the dramatist who projects seemingly random happenings—of these we say that they are ahead of the times or, expressed more romantically, against the times. Yet, as artists have always been, these are people who actually *see* the immediate environment and who devise meanings from their apperceptions of the present. Pop art is almost too simple a proof of this thesis: the artist takes up common objects like advertising posters and household artifacts and places them within a framework of imaginative consciousness. On the other hand, the novelist or dramatist who finds unsatisfactory the old-fashioned story line, the depiction of events occurring one by one, would seem to be rejecting the natural order of things. Actually he is not. In some part he is reflecting the present world in which everything

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seems to happen at once, in which communication is both instantaneous and limitlessly extensible, and so is able to create, as it were, a field of consciousness. By a linking of computers and television and space satellites it is possible to give to widely separated peoples a simultaneous awareness of an experience. We no longer depend on slowly transmitted news to make history, to make a sequential story out of what is happening. It is not a coincidence, for example, that precisely at the time when Negroes were rejecting the "gradualist" argument that they shall eventually win their rights by a historical progression, precisely at this time the impact of television caused that argument to appear ridiculous. Watching the televised events of Selma disquieted the comfortable assurances white people had made to themselves about the "inevitable" improvement in the Negro's life. Television made civil rights immediate and urgent.

The artist's role, as Marshall McLuhan suggests, is that of a probe into the present environment. He becomes a foreign body, an irritant, in the tissue of living. There are still other social irritants, and each is, like the artist, in some sense a nonconformist or at least a minority person. Thus the Negro as a probe makes visible the nature of a color-oriented society. The teen-ager, who seems perversely to be the abnormal result of a normal upbringing, tends to make society reexamine certain clichés about how institutions (home, church, school) determine social behavior. Even the criminal acts as a probe: his actions cause the lawful majority to assess the conflict between self-interest and the public interest. In this inventory of persons who either prescriptively or accidentally fulfill the role of probes, one is tempted to include the educator, but I find myself resisting, for the educator has in recent years been given large economic and governmental powers and so becomes a guardian and warder.

Now if this notion about the ways to perceive the environment is tenable, then what is the question? One recalls the Russian villager whom Daniel Bell describes: he runs excitedly down the street crying, "I have an answer! Who has a question?" A connected question, maybe, is this one: What are the grounds for the complaint that technology and affluence in Western society have

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the effect of diminishing man and compromising his future? A familiar criticism holds that two considerable threats are posed against us: one is that the machine reduces the force of the individual; the other is that widening affluence erodes the public taste. These presumed conditions would quite naturally proceed together, for while the machine serves to increase affluence, it is the very excess of production over consumption that provides the resource to create new machines. This is a serious criticism, but it would, I think, be more serious were it not so fashionable. Indeed, it is not sophisticated for one to go about stating a case for affluence, which like certain sins can only be enjoyed when deplored, nor is it apparently *de rigueur* to declare in favor of the twentieth century. My purpose, however, is not to plead the case but, rather, to ask for an examination of the evidence—to ask whether we are observing the present world with a clear sensibility.

Recently there met at Princeton the remarkable *Gruppe 47,* a loose association of German writers who first came together in 1947 and have since been central to the renaissance of German literature. Typically, in the mood of our time, the subject under discussion was whether affluence results in opportunity or in constraint for the contemporary writer. It was suggested that "in our century social and technological forces have not merely jeopardized the writer's role as model and guide [to mankind] but also sometimes condemned him to irrelevancy. . . ." The implication here is that the writer in early times had a license to serve as mentor to all men, but afterward people got busy with machines and forgot to consult him. Well, the writer never had such a license. In all ages, including our own, the writer has aspired to become an artist —that is his only ultimate role—and should he succeed, he then becomes a model to other writers and a guide to other thinkers, who of course include readers. In a writer the cause of relevancy is himself; and even censorship and suppression, which are in fact not so prevalent in Western society now as in the past, cannot render a writer less germane to his audience however much they restrict it.

Now if it is possible to be this hard-boiled about writers, can as much be said about any other individual in modern society? In this declared age of realism we need, ironically, to be warned

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against sentimentality. It is bad to be sentimental about the presumed glories of the past, which is the weakness of reactionaries, but it is also bad to be sentimental about the presumed plight of the present, which is the weakness of liberals. Perhaps our need is to avoid the typical condition of the political liberal, which is the condition of always being surprised. There is less ground for surprise than is supposed. We already know in good part what is happening to society through the means of electrotechnics. We can project, for example, that the world's fund of information—accessible information—will double during the next decade. We can extrapolate that perhaps two-thirds of the people in America today are holding jobs of a kind that within forty years will not exist. We can reasonably speculate that only a quarter of the population will be engaged in what we now call work. These are indicators of tremendous change, yet they may represent only modest prediction. To be fanciful, one can conceive, as Marshall McLuhan has, that once man establishes himself in space he will come to regard the earth itself as a kind of art object, maybe pop art or camp. One remembers that Mallarmé once declared that the earth exists in order to be made into a book. He had something else in mind, of course, but like all good writers he said more than he knew.

The point of making reasonable predictions, or even fanciful ones, is to emphasize that technology is not forcing an unnatural order upon mankind. It is really rather self-conscious of us to keep talking about machines in Faustian terms. Modern technology is not a devil that is subtly, subliminally, reducing men to numerals. Once again, it seems to me that misconceptions about the future will spawn from misunderstandings of the present. The computer, for instance, is misunderstood both in principle and in performance. One hears repeatedly that computers are brains, but this is absurd. Professor George A. Miller of Harvard University suggests that we are able to make computers along the lines of adding machines and filing cabinets and voltmeters because these component prototype devices are simple and because we invented them. The current models of computers are, in effect, adding machines that have access to filing cabinets and are attached to batteries of sensors that report events in the environment. Using

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metaphor, we say that computers have senses and a memory, but metaphorical language breaks down when we speak of computers as brains. Actually we do not know enough about human biology to create a machine that works in the manner of a brain. We are, indeed, so little certain of the operations of human cognition that we are still not sure how people learn to read or precisely how language works.

It is said, in this vein, that machines use men. Of course this is true, but the point is that it is not new; it is not especially a twentieth-century condition. We are today no more the servants of computers (or the transfixed subjects of television) than was the farmer a century ago the servant of his plow or the hunter of his gun. Man is always, to a degree, the servomechanism of what he himself creates. Technology is a form of expression and self-definition, and as such it affects every aspect of human activity, even religion. We still speak of the Israelites, that is, ourselves, as "people of the book." By the exercise of his will man reconstitutes society with the media he devises, and he can never be said to be in a simple way the victim of technology. If he feels himself victimized, then let him look elsewhere, for what oppresses him ultimately is not an indulgent respect for his creations but, rather, a lack of respect for his own powers to create. For a humanistic society it must be a wretched thesis that holds that God is responsible for what is good while man is responsible for what is bad: in that accounting there can be no future enterprise.

Without giving up our identity cards as culturalists, we might, indeed, begin to respect the public in the technological, affluent society. It is quite plausible, drawing on obvious examples, to regard the contemporary public as comprised of middle-class materialists of *kitschig* taste. Such materialists exist in great numbers —although not in as great numbers as did the illiterate, brutalized masses in the good old days. Yet from this public are emerging the persons who in an affluent society at last have the means to satisfy their serious desire to *know*. We have invented cybernetic technology to extend the information of men about the phenomena of life, and we shall increasingly transmit this information—especially as television discs and cartridges are available—to huge

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numbers of people who will be culturally enriched by it. The emerging citizen, it appears to me, seeks more and more information: not only factual data but also the work of imaginative knowing. To him, information serves as a field of consciousness, for to possess information of whatever level of importance, of whatever gradation of taste, is to enter mind outside oneself. Technology typically changes and extends sensibility. The new media enable young people, particularly, to enter the consciousness of people they have never known in "real" life.

There is a curious tendency to trust more to the past than to the present when stating a position on popular taste. This is surely the bias of Dwight MacDonald in deploring what he has named "masscult," a state that exists because, presumably, greater material resources lead inexorably to banality and triviality in the popular arts. Yet, looking at the present as it truly is, one notes that a result of the affluent society is the enrollment of six million students in American colleges and universities; within a decade there will be ten million. Amongst these students is a public that is interested in relevant and serious expression in the arts, in popular discussion, and in entertainment. Naturally, it is easy to exaggerate the capacity of the public, as it is easy to depreciate it. There is much to complain of in our environment, much to deplore, much to declare against; yet, granting this, there is also much to embrace. There is, notably, the chance for the educated man to become a different kind of social liberal, not the liberal who is always surprised, but, rather, the liberal who is skeptical because he is informed and who is impatient because he is hopeful. One does not ask of him that he conform to every aspect of the present life; one does ask that he should not mistake what it is he sees, and therefore what it is he opposes.

Were this a dialogue, I would expect the objection that a criticism of present society depends not only on an unprejudiced observation of its various aspects but also on an assessment of its values. How are we to judge the present, and so make choices for the future, unless we can agree on the values by which men should be guided? The problem of criticism is complicated because values are themselves changeable, changing. Mr. Throckmorton's values

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in 1902 are not plausibly those I hold in 1966, nor will your values in 1991 coincide with mine. There are continuing and renewed values but no immutable ones. We assess our lives not only by our capacities but also by our means. Values are judgments that are made by matching and contrasting ideas to the circumstances of the world around us. By this admittedly limited definition, values may be said to be the interface between our concepts of the humane life and the available means to achieve it. Values do not survive *because* they are unaffected by the present environment. They persist only if they are applicable to the changing potentialities for a civilized society. An educated man is he who has access to extensible ideas and employs these to construct a model for his own conduct and, as a citizen, for the conduct of the public. Ideally, your education has given you an intellectual technology: the tools are great ideas, a working skepticism, a concept of what is tolerant and tolerable behavior. With these tools you may reinterpret old values as well as fashion new ones. But if it is your notion that the preemptive role of the educated man is mainly to guard and to render unchanged the values of the past, then I think you will fail to live truly in the present and, above all, to imagine its marvelous multiplicity.

A certain skepticism must already intrude. As you perceive, the commencement speaker is Polonius, and despite disavowal I have ended by exhorting you. I ascribe this not to bad faith but to my instincts as a publisher to find out, to make known, and finally to persuade, which instincts have been at work early as well as late, in poverty as well as in affluence. Years ago I left Colorado to go to Harvard as a student. Near Harvard Yard I used to eat in a cafeteria where the food was very cheap but not very good. I would sit at a long public table where on many occasions there also sat the philosopher Bertrand Russell. One day I did not contain my curiosity. "Mr. Russell," I said, "I know why I eat here. It is because I am poor. But why do you eat here?" "Because," he said, "I am never interrupted." One goes on interrupting, you see, and there are even formal occasions designed to accommodate it, like this one. Let me conclude the occasion by wishing you good speed and good grace. May you live your years in sensibility, in relevance, and in humanity.

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Cardinal

Barbara Howes

With deep snow
A fresh page
Stretches
Toward the tree-
Line; within, a new page
Reflects the grey-white of

Ceiling; never flat,
Snow rolls with the
Earth's breathing—
Slivers
Of light, reflected,
Skate like grasshoppers

Over the whole white-
Carpeted landscape,
Or again, in grey
Weather, blend into
Dusk;—those matchstick
Trees out there, poled

Into snow, are characters
Cutting their own shadow. My
Page now has markings:
Hieroglyphs of
Talon, pen, shade,
Hoof range over this open

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Country, imprint it. On snow-
Fall—as the white
Magic between us
Is signed—I see
The cardinal's red cursive
Line, written on winter, writing to spring....

✪ BARBARA HOWES's fourth book of poems, *Looking Up at Leaves,* was published in August. She recently edited *From the Green Antilles,* an anthology of writing from the West Indies.

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Speculations on Prehistory

LEWIS MUMFORD

MODERN MAN HAS FORMED a curiously distorted picture of himself, by interpreting his early history in terms of his present interests in making machines and conquering nature. And then in turn he has justified his present concerns by calling his prehistoric self a toolmaking animal, and assuming, as Karl Marx and his followers have consistently done, that the material instruments of production dominated all his other activities. As long as the paleoanthropologist regarded material objects—mainly bones and stones—as the only scientifically admissible evidence of early man's activities, nothing could be done to alter this stereotype.

Recently, in an extensive review of the whole history of man's technical achievements, I have found it necessary as a generalist to challenge this narrow view. There is sound reason to believe that man's brain was from the beginning far more important than his hands, and its size could not be derived solely from his shaping or using of tools; that ritual and language and social organization which left no material traces whatever, although constantly present in every culture, were probably man's most important artifacts from the earliest stages on; and that so far from conquering nature or reshaping his environment primitive man's first concern was to utilize his overdeveloped, intensely active nervous system, and to give form to a human self, set apart from his original animal self by the fabrication of symbols—the only tools that could be constructed out of the resources provided by his own body: dreams, images and sounds.

It was not possible to go very far in this restatement without

✪ LEWIS MUMFORD wrote two books on the social and cultural aspects of technics, *Technics and Civilization* (1934) and *Art and Technics* (1952), both widely translated, before starting on the study of technics and human development on which he has been engaged since 1962. This essay explains his approach in his forthcoming book, *Technics and Human Development,* scheduled for publication next spring.

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perceiving that the overemphasis on tool-using was the result of an unwillingness to consider any evidence other than that based on material finds, along with a decision to exclude much more important activities that have characterized all human groups, in every part of the world, at every known period. Although no one part of our present culture may, without risk of serious error, be taken as a clue to the past, our culture as a whole remains the living witness of all that man has undergone, whether recorded or unrecorded; and the very existence of grammatically complex and highly articulated languages at the onset of civilization five thousand years ago, when tools were still extremely primitive, suggests that the human race may have had even more fundamental needs than getting a living, since it might have continued to do the latter on the same terms as its hominid ancestors.

If this is so, what were these needs? These questions are waiting to be answered, or rather, they must first be asked; and they cannot be asked without a willingness to look freshly at the evidence, and to apply rational speculation, fortified with careful analogies, to the large blank spaces of prehistoric existence, when the character of man, as other than a mere animal, was first formed. So far both anthropologists and historians of technics, with a few exceptions like Edward Tylor, have guarded themselves against speculative error by taking too much for granted, including their own premises; and this has led to greater errors of interpretation than those they have avoided.

The result has been a single-factor explanation of man's original development centered around the stone tool: an oversimplification in method that has now been abandoned elsewhere as inadequate for the general theory of evolution, and for the interpretation of better documented areas of human history.

What has limited scientific investigation, of course, is the fact that as concerns the unrecorded beginnings of man's life—all but the last one or two percent of his whole existence—one can for the greater part only speculate. This is a hazardous business, whose difficulties are not lessened by scattered finds of fragmentary bones and artifacts, since without some imaginative insight and analogical interpretation these solid objects tell all too little. Yet to refrain from speculation may be even more stultifying, for it gives to

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man's later recorded history an appearance of singularity and suddenness, as if a different species had come into existence. In talking about the "agricultural revolution" or the "urban revolution" we forget how many foothills the race had climbed before it reached those peaks. Without going into the special areas I have covered in my study, let me present the case for speculation as a necessary instrument for arriving at adequate knowledge.

Now there are two ways in which the obscurity of man's early development may be partly overcome. The first is commonly used in all the sciences: deducing from the observed facts the unseen or unrecorded context. Thus if one finds a shell fishhook embedded in a dateable site, one may infer, from that bit of evidence alone, not only the existence of water, even if the stream bed or lake has dried up, but likewise the presence of human beings who included fish in their diet, who selected the shell and shaped the hook after a model that could exist only in their own mind, who were ingenious enough to use guts or plant fiber for line, and who were sufficiently patient and skillful to catch fish by this method. Although various other animals, and birds, eat fish, no other species than man uses a hook.

These conclusions would be sound, although every trace of positive evidence, other than the hook, had vanished, along with the fisherman's own bones. If one remembered to allow for the possibility that the fishhook might have been transported from a distance, all these deductions would be firm and unshakable. Under similar limitations, with a similar liability to error, anatomists will derive the character of a whole human body from the size and shape of a broken skull and a few teeth—although the ghost of "Piltdown Man" may rise up to slay them, if they overestimate their powers.

Samuel Butler in his *Notebooks* once speculated on "the finding of a lot of old photographs at Herculaneum; and they should turn out to be of no interest." But he forgot that such a singular find would in itself reveal many matters of extraordinary interest, which would cause a revolutionary rewriting of history: they would disclose that the Romans had invented photography; and this in turn would show that they had advanced beyond the Greeks

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in both chemistry and physics, knew the special chemical properties of the halogen group, probably had lenses and had done optical experiments, and had at their disposal metal, glass or plastics, with smooth surfaces to use as backing for the precipitated image. Such firm knowledge as we have of prehistory rests precisely upon this kind of identification and inference, usually of commonplace, "uninteresting" objects, like potsherds, animal bones or pollen grains.

In the realm of prehistory the generalist has a special office, that of bringing together widely separated fields, prudently fenced in by specialists, into a larger common area, visible only from the air. Only by forfeiting the detail can the overall pattern be seen, although once that pattern is visible new details, unseen even by the most thorough and competent field workers digging through the buried strata, may become visible. The generalist's competence lies not in unearthing new evidence but in putting together authentic fragments that are accidentally, or sometimes arbitrarily, separated, because specialists tend to abide too rigorously by a gentlemen's agreement not to invade each other's territory. While this makes for safety and social harmony, it ignores the fact that the phenomena studied do not hold to the same principles. Such "No Trespassing" laws, if observed by the generalist, would halt his cross-country excursions, and prevent him from performing his own special function—one oddly similar to that of those Polynesian traders and interpreters who have a license to escape tribal taboos and wander freely over a wide area.

Nevertheless there are certain rules of the game that a generalist must keep, when he tries to fit the scattered pieces of evidence together in a more meaningful mosaic. Even when he seems on the verge of completing an emerging pattern, he must not surreptitiously chip a piece to make it fit, as in a jigsaw puzzle, nor yet must he manufacture any of the pieces in order to fill out the design—although he of course may look in unlikely places for them. He must likewise be ready to scrap any piece of evidence, however he may cherish it, as soon as one of his specialist colleagues discovers that it is suspect, or that it does not fit into the particular environment or the particular time sequence under discussion. When not enough parts exist, the generalist must wait until competent authorities find or fabricate them. But if, on the

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other hand, his design will not hold all the pieces the specialists present to him, then the pattern itself must be abandoned as faulty; and the generalist must begin all over again with a more adequate frame.

Yet even the specialized scholars who are most ready to decry speculation often succumb to it, chiefly by presenting purely speculative conclusions as if they were well-established facts, without allowing alternative hypotheses. Let me take a case sufficiently remote, I trust, to hurt no one's feelings. From the fact that the thigh bones of Peking Man in the Choukoutien caves were found cracked open, various anthropologists jumped to the conclusion that this creature was a cannibal. *Possibly he was.* But all we actually know is that the bones of unidentifiable humanoid creatures were cracked open, under special conditions that caused them to be preserved.

Apart from marks left by blows on the skull, which might have been made in a futile attempt after death to split it open, or even have happened earlier without causing death, we have no evidence to indicate whether these creatures were killed or died a natural death. If we suppose they were killed, we do not know if homicide was the custom of the country, or whether this was a particular case: certainly no statistically valid conclusions can be drawn on the basis of the few specimens discovered on a single site. Nor yet do we know if they were killed by their own kind, by another group, or by some more predatory hominid of a vanished race.

Further, although the skulls indicate that the brains had been extracted through the base, we do not know if the rest of the flesh and marrow was eaten; and finally, even if cannibalism were firmly established, we still do not know if such victims were habitually slain for food, or whether this was done under pressure of starvation—something that has happened occasionally, as with the American pioneers at the Donner Pass, among people to whom cannibalism was abhorrent. Or again, was this extraction of marrow and brain like that of some later peoples, part of a sacrificial, magico-religious ceremony? And finally, was the marrow used as infant's food, or to help start a fire—both attested uses for marrow under primitive conditions?

Coldly appraised, the probability against cannibalism seems

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about as great as that for it. Few mammals kill their own kind for *food* under any conditions, and the likelihood is that if this perversion had been as common among early men as it was among many later savages, it would have worked against the survival of the groups practicing it, since the human population was extremely sparse and no one would have been safe against his neighbor's hunger. We know, from later evidence, that primitive hunting peoples feel guilty about taking the life of animals they need for food, and even pray the animal for forgiveness or rationalize its death as due to the animal's own wish. Is it sure then that early man felt less sympathetic toward other human beings—except in surging moments of anger?

Even plentiful examples of cannibalism among "contemporary" savages—for long it was rife in Africa and New Guinea—do not establish it as common early practice. Just as primitive man was incapable of our own massive exhibitions of cruelty, torture and extermination, so he may have been quite innocent of manslaughter for food. The assertion that man was always a killer, and a cannibal at that, once he had acquired a taste for flesh, must reckon with these many alternative possibilities. Any flatfooted assumption of man's aboriginal cannibalism rests on no sounder evidence than the contrary hypothesis, and should never have been presented as if it were unquestionable.

Such pitfalls do not rob deduction, scrupulously applied, of its value. All that this argument suggests is that when alternative explanations are equally plausible and may be equally valid, one must leave the question open, and hope some day to find a bit of positive evidence to clinch this or that hypothesis. But if the deduced traits exist in a kindred primate species, as cannibalism does not, and if it also emerges in later human groups, as with close and relatively durable marital attachments, one may with fair safety attribute it also to early man. I propose to adhere to this rule. But the fact that a question worth opening speculatively may have to remain open for an indefinite time is not a sufficient reason for not posing it at all. This holds for practically the entire sphere of human origins.

In short, Leslie White's point is well taken: "Scientists unhesitatingly tackle such problems as the origin of galaxies, stars,

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planetary systems, and life in general and in its many orders . . . . If the origin of the earth some two billion years ago, or the origin of life untold millions of years ago, can be and is a proper problem for science, why not the origin of culture a mere million years ago?"

The second method available for reading into the aboriginal nature of early man has equally serious drawbacks, so much so that many ethnologists during the last generation often dismissed it as unworthy of scientific consideration. This is the method of analogy: finding parallels between known practices and those that seem indicated by ancient artifacts. During the nineteenth century many primitive tribes, which had for long escaped direct encounters with civilized men, still made their living by grubbing and hunting alone, using stone tools and weapons similar to those that Boucher de Perthes had first uncovered in paleolithic remains in 1832. This led many observers to suppose that the traditions of these contemporary primitives could be directly traced back to ancestral stocks, and that differences in cultural development between groups even corresponded to differences in time.

That was a tempting error. The fallacy lay in forgetting that the surviving "primitives," even if they had long ago retreated into a safe niche, had nevertheless continued the process of cultural accumulation, modification and elaboration: they had long ceased to be culturally naked, and had possibly, as Father Wilhelm Schmidt held in the case of religion, sometimes fallen from a higher early cultural level, through giving later fantasies or inventions free play. Between the language and ceremonial of the Australian aborigines and those of Mousterian culture was a spread of perhaps fifty thousand years: long enough to produce many salient differences, even if certain specific traits might nevertheless have persisted.

Yet once the processes of diversification and degeneration are allowed for, the parallels become suggestive and are sometimes highly illuminating. In fact, one cannot make any valid observation about otherwise unidentified stone tools without reference to similar later tools whose use is known. The Pygmies or the Bushmen of Africa, as they were "discovered" by Europeans more than a cen-

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tury ago, hunted much the same kinds of animals, with much the same weapons as paleolithic man had used in other parts of the world, too, more than fifteen thousand years before; and the Bushmen had even earlier practiced the Magdalenian art of cave painting. Apart from the differences in climatic conditions and human stature, these people were far closer to their remote ancestral cultures than they were to contemporary European man. Although W. J. Sollas went too far in looking upon the Tasmanian, the Bushman and the Eskimo as the lineal survivors of their respective paleolithic ancestors, early, middle and late, their analogous activities give vital clues to earlier cultures.

Using the Eskimo's stone oil lamp, a paleolithic artifact, one can estimate the amount of light available to painters in caves where similar paleolithic lamps were found. From the Eskimos' thorough utilization of their meager natural resources, under climatic conditions similar to those of the Ice Ages, we can gather much information about the kind of economy that made survival possible and even provided a margin for positive cultural development. So, too, the weapons, the masks and costumes and ornaments, the rituals and ceremonies, give hints that illuminate comparable images found in the caves of Spain, France and North Africa. Yet, as André Leroi-Gourhan has insisted in his recent monumental work, *Préhistoire de l'art occidental,* these hints must not be taken as conclusive demonstrations: the fact that the footprints of boys and youths are found in certain paleolithic caves proves only that the young were permitted or encouraged to enter, not that they underwent an initiation rite. Even the arrows and marks of wounds on some ten percent of the cave paintings are not free from ambiguity: if they reveal a magic hunting ceremony, they may also, he points out, symbolize the masculine and feminine principle: the penis spear, thrust into the vulva-wound.

One of the reasons that important clues to man's early development may have been missed is that the scientific tradition in the nineteenth century was—whatever the individual practices of some scientists—rationalist, utilitarian, and definitely skeptical about the value of any set of beliefs that tacitly denied science's own uncriticized assumptions. While magic was admitted as an early practice, perhaps interpretable, in James Frazer's terms, as an at-

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tempt to control natural forces that would, in the end, succumb to the scientific method, anything like the larger consciousness of cosmic forces that is associated with religion, was treated as negligible. That early man may have scanned the sky, and have reacted to the presence of the sun and moon, may even have identified the seemingly fixed pole star, as Zelia Nuttall suggested more than half a century ago, seemed as removed from possibility as the fact that he had produced works of art.

Yet from the moment Homo sapiens, at least, makes his appearance, we find evidence in his attitude toward death, toward ancestral spirits, toward future existence, toward sun and sky, that betrays a consciousness that forces and beings, distant in space and time, unapproachable if not invisible, may nevertheless play a controlling part in man's life. This was a true intuition, although it may have taken hundreds of thousands of years before its full import and rational proof could be grasped by the human mind, which now ranges between invisible particles and equally mysterious retreating galaxies.

There seems a likelihood that the earliest peoples, perhaps even before language was available, had a dim consciousness of the mystery of their own being: a greater incentive to reflection and self-development than any pragmatic attempt to adjust to a narrower environment. Some of this grave religious response is still present in the legends of creation among many surviving tribal cultures, and notably among the American Indians.

Here again we may judiciously make use of our knowledge of contemporary primitives to cast a fresh light on the beliefs and acts of early man. Take the mysterious imprints of human hands made upon the walls of caves as far apart as Africa and Australia. These imprints are all the more puzzling because so many of these hands show one or more finger joints missing. One would have no clue to this symbol were it not for the fact that there are still tribes equally widely separated where the sacrifice of a finger joint is a rite of mourning: a personal sacrifice to emphasize a greater loss.

Is one not justified in concluding that the mutilated hand on the cave wall is probably a secondary symbol of grief, transferred for perpetuation from the short-lived primary symbol of flesh and bone to a stone surface? Such a symbolic hand may, even more

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sharply than a cairn of stones, count as the earliest public memorial to the dead. But it is also possible that this rite had an even deeper religious significance; for Robert Lowie describes the same mode of sacrifice among the Crow Indians as part of a truly religious retreat undergone in order to achieve communion with Deity.

In all these cases, the rite itself reveals an eminent human susceptibility to strong feeling about matters of ultimate concern, along with a desire to retain and transmit that feeling. This must have cemented family life and group loyalty, and thus have contributed quite as effectively to survival as any improvement in flaking flint tools. Although in many other species the parent will on occasion sacrifice its life to protect its mate or its young, this voluntary *symbolic* sacrifice of a finger joint is a distinctly human trait. Where such feeling is lacking, as so often in the whole routine of our mechanized, impersonal megalopolitan culture, the human ties become so weak that only stringent external regimentation will hold the group together. Witness the classic case of emotional frigidity and moral depravity in those New York householders who heard a woman's cries for help in the night, and who watched her being murdered without even phoning for the police—as if they were watching a television program.

In short, to overlook these analogies would be as foolish as to be overconfident in our use of them. At a later stage, as Grahame Clark pointed out, it was contemporary mud-and-reed architecture in Mesopotamia that helped Leonard Wooley to interpret the traces of prehistoric architecture in Sumer; while the circular clay disks found on Minoan sites remained misidentified until Stephanos Xanthodides recognized them as the upper disks of potters' wheels, still in use on Crete. The fact that people in Mesopotamia were still, in the present century, using primitive boats made of bundles of reeds, like those of their ancestors five thousand years ago, as J. H. Breasted delightedly pointed out, gives support to the belief that other artifacts and even customs may have remained stationary over periods our own changeful age finds incredible.

Watchfully and delicately employed, then, speculative deduction and analogical interpretation are indispensable for understanding the behavior of other human beings in other ages and

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cultures. But it is wiser to assume, in any doubtful situation, that Homo sapiens, fifty thousand years ago, more closely resembled ourselves than any remoter animal ancestor, such as the small-brained tool-using australopithecines, who present no other indi cation than chipped pebbles of being on the road to human development.

By now, I trust, it should be plain that the chronic practice of describing man as a tool-using animal conceals some of the very facts that must be exposed and revaluated. Why, for example, if tools were so important to human development, did it take man at least half a million years—or three times that period, if we place the dubious hominids of South Africa in the direct line of descent—to shape anything but the crudest stone tools? Why is it that the lowest existing peoples, who support a hand-to-mouth existence with a few elementary tools and weapons, nevertheless have elaborate ceremonials, a complicated kinship organization, and a finely differentiated language, capable of expressing every aspect of their experience?

Why, further, were high cultures, like those of the Maya, the Aztecs, the Peruvians, still using only the simplest handicraft equipment a few centuries ago, although their monuments were magnificent and ancient roads like that to Machu Picchu were marvels of engineering? How is it that the Maya, who had no machines, were masters of abstruse mathematics and had evolved an extremely intricate method of time reckoning which showed superb powers of abstract thought? Once one dares to ask these questions the whole course of human history, from the earliest times on, appears in a new light, and our present machine-centered technology no longer seems the sole witness to the far-off divine event toward which all creation has moved.

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The Accident

MELVILLE CANE

How to explain the circumstance?
An accident? An odd mischance?
I moved secure in a smooth routine
Set by an error-proof machine.
Seduced by its deceptive grip,
I was ill-prepared for the fateful slip,—
The snapping break that loosed the belt
From the round of the wheel. Adrift, I felt
A derelict at the whim of the sea,—
Shape without identity.

Dimly, meaning dawned on me:
Might it be
That an odd mischance
Held,
Veiled,
The unlooked-for chance
To set me free?

✪ MELVILLE CANE's eighth book of poems, *So That It Flower,* was published in March 1966.

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On Being Mean

MARSTON BATES

IT IS AN INTERESTING GAME to try to figure out a general scheme for classifying the different kinds of behavior shown by animals (including people). I have spent a deal of time with pencil and paper trying to work out such a scheme, but I have never managed anything very satisfactory, and the various schemes used in textbooks have little appeal for me. Nutrition and reproduction—food and sex—are clearly universals; but beyond this, possible categories become fuzzy and overlapping.

My first thought for a third universal behavioral goal is survival. Every organism must have some way of avoiding, fighting or deceiving possible enemies. Often some way must be found of coping with climate: building shelters, digging holes, or finding some other kind of snug retreat. But food is also necessary for the survival of the individual; and sex, or some other method of reproduction, for the survival of the species. So this idea becomes blurred.

Each kind of organism must also have some way of getting about in the world, some means of dispersal. For most animals, this implies locomotory behavior: flying, swimming, crawling, running. But locomotion is also usually involved in finding food, or in finding a sexual partner.

Growing up is universal and involves behavioral problems like the unfolding of instinctive patterns, or the learning of ways of coping with the world. In thinking about this, we quickly come to the fascinating subject of play, which seems to me undeservedly neglected by psychologists, perhaps in part because it is so difficult

✪ "On Being Mean" will appear in MARSTON BATES's forthcoming book, *Gluttons and Libertines: The Human Problem of Being Natural,* to be published by Random House in the spring. Mr. Bates is professor of zoology at the University of Michigan.

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to fit into any system and in part difficult to define. Puppies play, but do butterflies? There are various theories about the function of play. One common idea is that it serves as rehearsal for adult activity. This of course hardly explains adult play, except that adults may need to rehearse activities, too. Another explanation is that play serves as a release for surplus energy—an idea that any human parent can understand. But play again gets involved with both food and sex: a cat playing with a mouse, or children playing at sex.

When I talk about food and sex with psychologists, and wonder about other equivalent basic human drives, they almost always bring up aggression. I am beginning to wonder about psychologists, since they seem to see aggression everywhere. It is difficult to argue with them about it, though, because if you disagree you are simply being hostile.

There is no denying the importance of aggression in human behavior, whether among psychologists or other people. Perhaps it is as basic and all-pervasive in man as food and sex; but I am not ready to admit it as a universal in animal behavior, comparable with nutrition and reproduction. Animals often fight, all right, and the fighting, with associated states like rage and fear, makes an interesting subject of study. The fancy psychological term for fighting is "agonistic behavior." But again there is a blurring with nutrition and reproduction, since the fighting is often over food or mates.

I think it is easy to overestimate the importance of fighting in nature—partly because we are so much addicted to fighting ourselves that we tend to see it everywhere. We can visualize Tennyson's "nature red in tooth and claw" or Darwin's "struggle for existence," and we talk about our own "war" on insects or disease. It is harder for us to see the system of nature as something that is beautifully balanced, that has been working now for some hundreds of millions of years with organisms dependent on each other in an endless variety of ways. There are, on the one hand, competitive aspects of the system; and on the other, cooperative. Sometimes the cooperation is hard to see, although surely it is basic to the working of the system.

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I like to make the crack that foxes are being kind to rabbits by eating them. Rabbit reproduction being what it is, the place would be overrun with them in no time if other animals were not using them for food. Rabbits, unchecked, would soon finish off the supply of low-growing plants on which they feed, and start to die of starvation. We are finding a comparable situation with deer: since the "natural enemies" of deer have been so largely eliminated, hunting seasons and game limits have to be adjusted to keep the deer population within reasonable bounds.

Of course we need to distinguish between aggressive actions among individuals of different species, and those among individuals of the same species. Rabbits and foxes are simply part of the complex web of exchange of food materials in the biological community. Fighting among rabbits themselves, or among foxes, would have quite different meaning. It is this latter that interests me here, since I am trying to look at the curious tendency of people to be mean to other members of their own species.

Fighting among individuals of the same species is common enough in nature, although far less conspicuous than the hunt of predators for their food. In general, however, agonistic behavior within a species in the wild rarely results in bodily harm. As Konrad Lorenz has pointed out in his delightful book on animal behavior, *King Solomon's Ring,* and in his later, more serious book, *On Aggression,* when teeth, horns or claws have developed to the extent that severe injury could be inflicted, some inhibition has developed concomitantly to govern the use of the weapons on other members of the same species. The fighting thus often takes on the character of stylized ritual, or of bluff.

Fighting among animals of the same species most often occurs over territory, over mates, over food or resting place, and over social position in the case of animals that live in groups.

The idea of territory is rather new in biology. It was first clearly stated in 1920 in a little book by an Englishman, Eliot Howard, called *Territory in Bird Life.* Howard noticed that each pair of birds in his garden foraged over a rather limited area around the nest, and that when another bird of the same species attempted to intrude into the territory, it was driven off. In such fights, the

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owner of the territory almost invariably won over the intruder. It now appears that an important function of birdsong is the proclamation of territorial ownership, thus reducing energy wasted in fighting over the matter.

There is a large literature on territorial behavior. It has been found to characterize many species of fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals, and similar behavior has been found for some insects and other invertebrates. Territory is now commonly defined as any area defended against intrusion by other individuals of the same species so that defense—fighting—is basic to the idea. In birds, depending on the species, the defended area may include mating, nesting and feeding areas, or mating and nesting areas but not the whole feeding ground, or nesting area only, or mating area only. The defended area may be the home of an individual, or a pair with young, or a larger social group. Territorial behavior obviously serves to space individuals, reducing the danger of overcrowding; individuals who cannot establish territories because suitable areas are all occupied tend to be the first victims of predators.

One immediately begins to wonder to what extent territoriality explains some aspects of human behavior: the defense of the hearth, the home; of the fatherland; of the tribal area. Does our love of home and country, our suspicion of foreigners, have a deep-seated biological basis, or is it again something we have learned from our culture? Robert Ardrey thinks it is innate, and he has developed the argument at some length in a recent book, *The Territorial Imperative*. There is no way of being sure about this without a time machine to go back and observe the behavior of the australopithecines, but we may be able to gain some insights by looking at living mammals, and especially at the behavior of our living primate relatives.

I have sometimes thought that the behavior of our protohominid ancestors may have been like that of the howler monkeys studied by C. R. Carpenter in Panama, which would be in accord with Ardrey's idea. Carpenter spent a year watching the monkeys every day on Barro Colorado, an island nature reserve in Gatun Lake. He found that the howler monkey population of the island—a little less than four thousand acres in area—included about four

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hundred individuals divided among twenty-three clans, each occupying a definite territory. When clans happened to approach near each other on the margins of their territories, the adult males set up a vigorous howling which continued until one or the other group retreated—howler monkeys have a very large larynx and are capable of making about the biggest noise in the animal kingdom. He never observed physical combat between the groups, although the howling was clearly unfriendly.

Maybe our ancestors also lived in small groups within clearly defined territories which they defended against intrusion by outsiders: and the defense may have taken the form of yells or the relatively harmless bluff of posturings. One can imagine that, with the development of culture and tools, the threat of yells might have given way to blows with clubs and stones—and the human animal would have been started on his bloody career.

One trouble with this is that gorillas and chimpanzees, man's closest relatives among living primates, do not show territoriality as Carpenter's howlers (and many other kinds of monkeys) do. George Schaller, in his study of gorillas (*The Mountain Gorilla*), found that each social group had a definite area over which it ranged, but that there was a great deal of overlap among the areas occupied by different groups, with no attempt at defense of a single area by a particular group. Biologists call areas of this sort "home ranges" to distinguish them from defended territories.

We think of gorillas as ferocious because—to us—they look fierce. But apparently they are among the most peaceful of all mammals. It appears that the charges of the males always stop short of physical contact—whether the object of the attack is man, gorilla or other animal. And the brave chest-pounding and ground-thumping appear to be impressive bluff. These powerful animals, of course, are safe within their habitat except from hunting men and perhaps occasional leopards, so that they can afford to depend on bluff. The chief form of aggression among themselves for gorillas is staring—the animal that can stare the other down wins. Schaller had to be careful in watching them not to stare too intently, lest he provoke reaction. And if anything, chimpanzees, in nature, turn out to be even less aggressive than gorillas.

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Most living primates are vegetarian, while the evidence indicates that animals in the human line have been predatory for a long time. This in itself makes it risky to look for the roots of human behavior in the actions of contemporary primates. Social carnivores like wolves might be better models for study—but even with these there are behavioral inhibitions that ordinarily prevent individuals of the same species from inflicting serious damage on one another. How did man ever come to be such a violent creature, his own worst enemy?

There is ample evidence that murder is an ancient human pastime: over and over again in the case of the known human fossils, fractures indicate that death could only have been caused by instruments in the hands of fellow men. But while territorial conflict may well have been an important contributing cause to this ancient habit of murder, I can hardly believe that it explains all of human meanness.

If people have been killing one another for a long time, does this mean that it is "natural"? Does it mean that they will inevitably continue to kill one another into the indefinite future? I suspect that the question of whether lethal conflict is natural or not is irrelevant. Disease, surely, is natural; but this has not stopped us from trying, with considerable success, to control it. The fact that efforts at controlling war and murder in the past have always failed also seems to me no argument against continuing to try—if we are agreed that the objective is worthwhile.

Natural or not, the habit people have of killing one another is extraordinary when viewed in the perspective of the biological community. I know of nothing comparable in other kinds of animals—even the "wars" among ants are between different species. The human phenomenon is so unusual that it should have some special name. "Suicide" (self-killing) and "homicide" (man-killing) come to mind, but they can hardly be used as general terms because they already have particular meanings. In a book published some years ago (*The Prevalence of People*) I proposed "anthropoktony" from the Greek *anthropos,* man, and *ktonos,* to kill, as a general label for the phenomenon of people killing each other. It is a horrible word—but look at what it covers!

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Anthropoktony is a quite specific kind of agonistic behavior. We might call it lethal meanness, as distinguished from the numerous forms of sublethal meanness practiced by humans. It is, however, far from a simple and unified phenomenon: people have developed endlessly diverse methods for killing each other, and they do it from a wide variety of different motives. As far as methods are concerned, we have the simple brute force of strangulation, the use of hand tools like knives and clubs, the development of tools that act at a distance like arrows and rifles, and finally the discovery of really wholesale ways of killing with the impersonal blasts of nuclear explosions. Death may be direct and immediate, as with a knife through the heart; or it may be inflicted surreptitiously by the use, for instance, of a slow-acting poison.

As for motives: one person may kill another simply out of bravado, to show he can, to add a notch to his gun or to bring home another head for the village collection of trophies. Or people may be killed for food: either as a staple article of diet, as a rare delicacy, as an emergency measure, or as a part of religious ritual. People are killed so that they may be robbed of their possessions; they are also killed from motives of hatred or revenge, or because in some way they form a real or imagined threat to the killers. Then there are the mass murders of war or massacre. Oddest of all, people are sometimes killed "for their own good." Occasionally it is proposed that people be killed for reasons of mercy, to end hopeless pain and misery—euthanasia. Usually, however, when people are killed for their own good, the killers are more appreciative of the benefits than the killed, as in the cases where heretics are burned so that their souls may be saved. Heretics, of course, are often killed not so much for their own good as for the good of society—to stamp out possibly contagious sin. Criminals likewise are supposedly executed for the good of society.

There are varying degrees of sociability in anthropoktony. The only solitary form is suicide: an individual killing himself because he can no longer face the problems of living. Suicide may be very public, as when a man lingers on the ledge of a tall building until a good audience has accumulated. Sometimes the suicide is not only public, but carried out with a motive of public good, as in the case

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of the Buddhist monks who set fire to themselves in Vietnam to publicize religious discrimination, or the case of the kamikaze pilots of wartime Japan.

In the cases where more than one individual is involved in the killing transaction, several grades of sociability may be usefully distinguished. First of all, we have the situations in which only two people are involved: binary anthropoktony. The aggression here may be unilateral or reciprocal: the knife in the back versus the duel. Binary anthropoktony, to be sure, may occur incidentally in the course of complex operations, as in hand-to-hand combat during a battle, but this differs from the more usual types of murder because of the depersonalization of individuals among the conflicting masses. The classical combat between heroes is more like the simple binary pairing. Modern warfare would surely be both more picturesque and less messy if opposing field marshals or foreign ministers could be persuaded to take up fencing matches instead of committing armies to battle.

Beyond the binary situation, we get into numerical complexities: two to one, five to three, and so on. The important distinction, however, is not so much a matter of numbers as of social relations. I think we should distinguish between a "gang" and a "society" on the grounds that the attitudes, motivation and methods of a small subgroup may be quite different from those of a society as a whole. Group meanness (or social anthropoktony) can thus take the form of agonistic behavior on the part of a gang to an individual, as when a particular gangster is wiped out for some reason by his colleagues; or of a society to an individual, as in the case of an execution; or of gang to gang, as with the street hoods of our cities; or of society to outlaw gang; or of one society to another, as in war.

This looks neat enough, but it is not easy to fit all cases into the scheme—a common trouble with classifications. How, for instance, does one deal with the lynching of a Negro in the southern United States? Is this aggression by society or by a gang? Perhaps we should have a separate slot for mob actions because of such peculiarities as contagious hysteria.

Contagious mass hysteria may be directed toward individuals, resulting in lynching, burning or stoning; or it may be directed

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toward a large social subgroup, with massacre as a consequence. Sometimes, in reading history, I think, "My, how bloody those French are!"—or it may be British, or Serbs, or Moslems, or what-have-you. When I stop to reflect, though, I realize that it would be difficult to say that one society or one nation has a worse record than another. In the case of Americans, all we have to do is remember our history of dealings with the Indians. Massacres, of course, don't necessarily involve hysteria: the Nazi extermination of Jews was deliberate enough, and carefully thought out.

What a dreadful record our species has! Perhaps, deep underneath all of this blood and pain, there is after all some innate aggressive tendency in man, freed from biological inhibitions by the development of cultural tools and ideas. Robert Ardrey, in his first book, *African Genesis,* suggested that man should be called the "weapon-using animal" instead of the "tool-user," because his first tools seem to have been weapons. These weapons were presumably designed for hunting and for protection from beasts of prey; but man started using them on his fellows at some very early date.

Whatever the innate basis, I am convinced that the present manifestations of anthropoktony have varied cultural explanations. One could hardly expect to find any single theory that would explain romantic suicide, armed robbery, death by torture for heretics, ritual blood sacrifice, and modern war. Each variety of anthropoktony probably has a different explanation: the only common denominator being man's imagination in developing ideas, and tools for implementing the ideas.

The addiction to lethal meanness is as peculiar a characteristic of the human species as is continuous sexuality—and murder and sex find similarly diverse expressions. In both cases I suspect that man is the only animal that could afford the kinds of habits he has developed. The loss of a special period of sexual receptivity in the human female may be due to the relaxation of the ordinary rigors of natural selection, and this may be equally true of the proliferation of anthropoktony. No other animal could afford to dedicate so much energy either to sex or to killing members of its own species —such behavior would surely lead rapidly to extinction. People, however, keep on multiplying at a dizzy rate despite wasted sexual

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activity and the habit of killing one another. Curiously, even the mass murders of modern wars have hardly slowed the rate of population growth, postwar breeding making up the losses rapidly.

Diverse as the forms of lethal meanness are, they are nothing compared with the variety of sublethal meannesses that people have thought up. Maybe the psychologists are right about the universality of aggression among people—that even the meekest have a mean streak somewhere.

It may be instructive to look briefly at these varieties of sublethal meanness, without going into any of the subtleties of the psychology of aggression—I don't want to get entangled with ideas like sadism and masochism. Four main classes might be recognized: physical, verbal, vicarious, and being mean to yourself, which I think could appropriately be called self-abuse. (There is nothing mean about self-abuse in its usual sense of masturbation, we are now told—you are enjoying yourself rather than abusing yourself.)

Verbal aggression must go way back in human history: the curse, at least, has all the appearance of an ancient institution. Its history may well be mixed up with that of sympathetic magic, which "assume[s] that things act on each other at a distance through a secret sympathy" (to quote Sir James Frazer). As the doll in which pins are stuck is a symbol for the person one wants to injure, so the name in an incantation or curse is a symbol that can be manipulated for evil purposes. There are many societies in which personal names are kept secret because their owners fear that knowledge of their names would give enemies evil power.

The word can also stand as a symbol for the action, as when one man threatens to defecate on the mother of another—a common Spanish insult. Mother is usually unavailable; it's the idea that hurts. But verbal and physical aggression blend into each other so that the distinction at times seems entirely arbitrary. Words can lead to blows easily enough, and two men fighting often mix insults into the physical combat.

Insults and fights are apt to be sudden aggression—flaring and disappearing. There are also many forms of sustained aggression in which individuals or groups pick at one another for long periods of time or for life, as in the class or caste systems that seem always to

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develop in human societies. This is remarkably like the dominance hierarchy or peck order that has been observed in social mammals and birds, so that, as with territoriality, one wonders whether there is some biological basis for the human behavior. But no other animal carries dominance and subordination to the extremes that people do.

To be sure, leadership or chieftainship doesn't necessarily involve meanness—although the idea of the benevolent dictator is somewhat contradictory. But as societies become complex and organized, overt meanness tends to develop. Even when a social system is institutionalized and completely accepted by all members of the society—even if the slave or serf or southern Negro really likes "to know his proper place"—it seems to me that meanness is involved. And one can debate, of course, whether subordinate people ever like knowing their proper place.

The attitude toward slavery of those much-admired classical Greeks is curious. Certainly there were great thinkers among the Athenians, but the lot of the slave never engaged their sympathy. Reading Plato's *Republic,* or Aristotle's *On Politics,* one can easily come to think what nasty people those Greeks were. Somehow they just could not see that the "slave mentality" that they so despised was the product, not of the kind of people made into slaves, but of the system. As the great sociologist, William Graham Sumner, remarked in *Folkways,* "If any man, especially a merchant, who went on a journey incurred a great risk of slavery, why was not slavery a familiar danger of every man, and therefore a matter for pity and sympathy?" The woes of slavery were certainly often enough pictured in the tragedies, but the inequities of the system never worried the philosophers.

I suppose the answer is that Greek economic life was completely dependent on slave labor and that philosophers are not apt even to notice the structure of their society, let alone to question it, unless some sort of breakdown process has started. The first philosophers to question slavery were the Roman stoics of the first century—Seneca, Plutarch, Pliny. The slave system of Rome by then had reached tremendous proportions, and the slave revolts underlined its miseries. According to Plutarch, Crassus crucified six thousand

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prisoners along the road from Capua to Rome after the defeat of Spartacus. This must have been quite a sight: enough to impress even a philosopher.

Slavery presumably started when people got the bright idea of keeping prisoners and putting them to work, instead of killing them. Sumner and other sociologists think that this may have been the origin of regular work habits: no man, they argue, would take up hard work unless he had to. But the example forced on the slaves gradually permeated other parts of society, and as slaves became scarce or disappeared, other kinds of people began to work. Physical labor, in the classical world, was certainly regarded with scorn; the workman and the thinker, the artisan and the philosopher, lived in different worlds. One theory of the origin of modern science is that, with the failure of the slave supply in the Middle Ages, the thinker was forced to consider workaday problems until, now, scientists combine the attributes of the artisan and the philosopher.

We like to think, in the United States, that we have established a classless society—and the Russians like to think the same thing about themselves. American sociologists, however, have spent a great deal of time studying our class system, and there is no doubt that class differences are real enough with us, and often very hard to transcend. In general, though, it seems to me that in parts of the Western world like the United States, Scandinavia, and some of the British commonwealths, the classes are less mean to one another than in other parts of the world, or than at any time in the previous history of civilization. A Negro, a Jew, or a descendant of one of our recent immigrant groups might argue about this, however.

We are getting into an area where aggression shades into discrimination, although I think discrimination should be classed as a kind of social, sublethal meanness. Here, along with racial, religious and national discrimination, we come across sexual discrimination—and perhaps age discrimination should also be included. Is the subordination of women a longstanding plot on the part of men, as Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*) seems to think? Certainly a great many women feel that they are victims of sublethal meanness on the part of men. They have made a long

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fight for voting rights, for education, for the right to earn a living, yet many occupations are still closed to them in the United States. Medical schools and law schools are apt to allow only a small quota of women to enroll, and female dentists in this country are extremely rare, although it is a common profession for women in some countries, and with us dental technicians are mostly women.

We abuse our women, but we also abuse ourselves. I have often caught myself swearing at myself out loud after I have done something particularly stupid, although I rarely swear at other people. We are apt to call self-abuse disciplining ourselves, and this practice takes all sorts of forms. Fasting and celibacy are common kinds of self-denial in Western civilization, but we are capable of giving up almost anything that we like for our own good. Puritanism in general could be regarded as self-abuse, insofar as puritans live up to their own precepts.

What can we do about it? As far as self-abuse is concerned there probably isn't much need—we all ought to kick ourselves in the pants occasionally. It may also be helpful at times to be kicked by someone else—although we do carry sublethal meanness to extremes. The great danger lies in the lethal varieties of meanness, especially in the social forms. All sorts of substitutes have been suggested, and some, like competition in racing to the moon, seem to be working. But I think also we must learn to take ourselves less seriously. As Konrad Lorenz has remarked, "Barking dogs may occasionally bite, but laughing men hardly ever shoot!"

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POEMS

NAOMI LAZARD

Three Pictures of Amanda

Only the chair is wrong: Bertoia did it
recently, this century. For the rest,
it's an old engraving. She sits straight,
not even leaning into her chair's curved
web, one hand holding the world made of felt,
its facets trimmed in pentagons of color.
In the other hand a divining wheel,
the four hard spokes facing the four
edges of the universe. She wears a worklike
smock; her feet are bare (because she has
taken the famous oath of poverty?) . . .
the better to feel the floor when she walks.
But it is her face, round, studious, grave,
hair falling gently over the broad forehead.
It is her face that Holbein might have drawn
one cold afternoon, say, in Flanders,
while the first breath of breezes held
the perfume of the Renaissance. It is
her face, mouth open as if on the verge
of speech, eyes dark, reflective
as a medieval philosopher.
She is wondering about the world, wondering
if that divining wheel will be enough.
But she is no prince surrounded by astrologers.
She sits in the kitchen near the sliding
glass door, and soon, in the next photograph,
she'll leap some centuries and be the blue boy,
agile, smiling, blue sandaled, blue overalled,

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her blond philosopher's head barely touching
the kitchen sink.
And then it's in the garden,
a sprig of violet flowers in each hand,
she is Shakespeare's merry fawn loping on the green.
Behind her the garden rail and a hedge;
the blue boy's doll is in the kitchen . . . .
the philosopher's wheel is rolling down the path.
And she, two years old, with medieval gravity
shadowing her smile, is dancing home.

For Amanda

Amanda, sometimes a storm comes crying
through the rooms bearing names
on its great shoulders. Morris. Ruth.
Anna. Michael. The filaments of dust
and bones sorrowing, feathery
skeletons of all the past. Sometimes
a need flies down to call out
these shadows. Anna! Morris! Ruth! Michael!
And we sit with our books at these times
feeling their lament strike our faces,
and we turn our pages as quietly as we can.
Not reading, because the lines waver,
film, crumble into sand. Then we kneel
like old figures in decaying churches
with our arms crossed and our mouths open
and the names come furiously, one
after the other. MICHAEL. ANNA. RUTH. MORRIS.
It is our history, Amanda, the blood
and brains, the bones shrieking, the ashes
gently powdering along our lives, down
summers, down endless corridors of time.

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There is a hurricane, an eye dead
in its socket, flying, reaching long fingers,
scratching at our core. Tearing
with insistent nails every hope we have
of change. It is the wind, Amanda, the grass,
the clouds, the air, the morning swinging
out of the east bringing us ourselves
once more and another day. These names,
these dark needs, these gentle demons,
shrouded, tall, quiet, who have willed us
their legacy of dust. I have taken
these bones, granulated into sorrow, drowned
in their thick blood, held up my own hand
with its fingers spread wisely as a bird's foot
where the red thumbprint marked the spot.
Poor, Amanda, poor as an animal,
without anything at all except these memories
of broken lives. Poor as a street cat
sleeping curled up in a doorway. . . .
while spools of rain change to puddles. . . .
dreaming of white milk and orange light:
MORRIS! ANNA! MICHAEL! RUTH!

✪ NAOMI LAZARD writes: "I studied graphic design at the Institute of Design in Chicago and from 1956 until 1959 I worked as a graphic designer. I started writing then, in 1959, and. . . I am currently working on a novel. My first book of poems, *Cry of the Peacocks,* will be published in 1967 by Harcourt, Brace & World."

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The Ginzburg Decision and the Law

LEON FRIEDMAN

RALPH GINZBURG MAY HAVE BEEN the victim of a self-defeating prophecy. In an issue of *Fact,* published in the summer of 1965, Ginzburg said he believed his case (in which he was convicted by a federal court in Philadelphia of mailing obscene material, namely, the magazine *Eros, The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity,* and a newsletter called *Liaison*) stood a better than average chance for review and reversal by the United States Supreme Court. This was so, Ginzburg wrote, because the American Civil Liberties Union, the Authors' League of America and other distinguished American citizens were filing *amicus* briefs on his behalf, and because the Post Office Department had begun a "reckless campaign of federal censorship" on the basis of his conviction. He concluded by saying that the Supreme Court may reverse "simply because the Constitution says it must." In addition, Ginzburg in full-page advertisements for *Fact* expressed his pride in creating *Eros,* and on the radio and to the press predicted that his case would once and for all time settle the question of obscenity in the United States.

Ginzburg could hardly be blamed for thinking his conviction would be reversed. The Supreme Court, in a series of decisions after the Roth case was decided in 1957, had shown a consistently broader view of what was permissible under the obscenity laws, and reversed case after case where a lower court had found books, magazines or movies to be obscene. The Solicitor General's Office almost asked for a decision in Ginzburg's favor. The best it could say in its brief about the lower courts' findings was that they were "permissibly based upon a reasonable characterization

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of the materials in issue," and it noted—in typical legal involution—"nor do we urge in this case that there is no rational basis upon which this Court could find some of these materials not to be obscene." The tone of the brief was one of embarrassment for what the courts below had done—at one point the Solicitor General admitted that the district court had applied "too strict a test"—and it virtually invited the Supreme Court to set the matter straight. The comments of the justices during the oral argument of the case led observers to feel that the Court was prepared to issue a sweeping rule that would avoid the case-by-case study of the past years.

Unfortunately, the Supreme Court on March 21, 1966, upset all these expectations. In three decisions issued the same day, it took two steps forward, one step backward, and tripped over itself taking three steps in a direction it had only glanced at before.

Before the Court reached the Ginzburg case, it decided that the Massachusetts Supreme Court had incorrectly found *Fanny Hill* to be obscene. In an opinion written by Mr. Justice Brennan, in which the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Fortas joined, the Supreme Court found that the Massachusetts courts had erred in applying the Roth test to the book in question. In *Roth,* Justice Brennan speaking for four justices stated the standard as follows:

> Whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest.

In passing he also noted that all ideas "having even the slightest social importance" are fully protected by the Constitution. In the *Fanny Hill* case Justice Brennan declared the test is one in which all three elements must coalesce:

> . . . it must be established that (a) the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to a prurient interest in sex; (b) the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards relating to the description or representation of sexual matters; and (c) the material is utterly without redeeming social value.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court did not interpret the

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Roth test to say that a book must be "unqualifiedly worthless before it can be deemed obscene." Justice Brennan, however, said that this is precisely the test that must be applied. "A book cannot be proscribed unless it is found to be *utterly* without redeeming social value." This would be true even if a book is found to possess

> the requisite prurient appeal and to be patently offensive. Each of the three federal constitutional criteria is to be applied independently; the social value of the book can neither be weighed against nor canceled by its prurient appeal or patent offensiveness.

For the first time the full implications of the Roth test were accepted by a majority of the Court, since added to those of Justices Brennan and Fortas and the Chief Justice were the votes of Justices Douglas and Black who saw no basis for banning any books whatsoever and whose views, therefore, certainly encompassed the lesser rule laid down by the Brennan opinion.

The next case the Court decided involved Edward Mishkin who was found guilty by the New York courts of publishing obscene books, in particular, books on sadomasochism, fetishism and homosexuality. Mishkin's defense was that the materials he published did not appeal to the prurient interest of the "average person" since the average person would only be disgusted and sickened by them. He claimed that his books appealed to the prurient interest of small deviant sexual groups and therefore did not fall within the Roth test. The Court considered this argument merely flimflam. It noted:

> We adjust the prurient-appeal requirement to social realities by permitting the appeal of this type of material to be assessed in terms of the sexual interests of its intended and probable recipient group.

Thus, the Court found Mishkin's material did fall within this new definition of obscenity.

This modification in the Roth rule was treated quite lightly by the Court, but it contains a dangerous potential. The prevailing test for obscenity before *Roth* dated back to an 1868 English case, *Regina* v. *Hicklin:*

> Whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall.

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The Hicklin test called for the material to be judged on the basis of its effect upon the most immature persons who might obtain it. The Roth case modified the rule to a more realistic average-person test, so that a prosecutor would not be able to obtain a conviction merely by citing the possible effect of a book upon some adolescents. The Court in the Mishkin case, however, retreated from this position. Now prosecutors, if they are able to find some publication that, while not affecting the average person, may arouse the prurient interest of fetishists or pedophiles, would be able to bypass the Roth test. In some sense, this is an even more restrictive manner of focusing on the problem than the Hicklin rule since sexually deviant groups are more susceptible to such material than the sexually immature persons tapped by the earlier test. As Learned Hand wrote more than fifty years ago: "To put thought in leash to the average conscience of the time is perhaps tolerable, but to fetter it by the necessities of the lowest and least capable seems a fatal policy." Undoubtedly the Supreme Court will have to grapple with the problem again and make some more sensible modifications.

Finally, Mr. Justice Brennan delivered his opinion in the Ginzburg case. Those who witnessed his reading of the opinion were struck by his anger and emotion. There was no question but that he was offended by what Mr. Ginzburg had done. But what was that? One of the three books in question was the fourth issue of *Eros,* which contained a section of Frank Harris' *Life and Loves,* a selection of erotic writings of various women made by Drs. Eberhard W. and Phyllis C. Kronhausen, a number of bawdy limericks, and a photographic essay of a nude Negro man and a white woman in what the Government called "amorous poses." (The district court judge who tried Ginzburg, Ralph C. Body, found these pictures to be a "detailed portrayal of the act of sexual intercourse between a completely nude male and female, leaving nothing to the imagination.") The second book, the *Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity,* was an autobiography of a Phoenix housewife detailing her sexual education and experience with remarkable—but quite boring, unexciting and humorless—candor. The third publication, *Liaison,* was a biweekly periodical containing a long article called "slaying

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the sex dragon," an interview with Dr. Albert Ellis who advocated an open acknowledgment of the new sexual revolution. It also contained an article on the nutritive value of semen and a collection of dirty jokes in rhyme. Dwight MacDonald testified at the trial that the magazine was tasteless, vulgar and repulsive, but that it did not go substantially beyond the limits of candor that society now tolerates in its discussions of sexual matters.

The lower courts made some effort to examine the various items in terms of the Roth test. Even Judge Body, however, who made the most detailed findings, described the material in *Eros* in general terms and concluded that it treats sex in an "unrealistic, exaggerated, bizarre, perverse, morbid and repetitious manner and creates a sense of shock, disgust, and shame in the average adult reader." The *Handbook,* he stated, has descriptions that "leave nothing to the imagination, and in detail, in a clearly prurient manner offend, degrade and sicken anyone however healthy his mind was before exposure to this material. It is a gross shock to the mind and chore to read." *Liaison,* he said,

> is designed obviously and solely for the purpose of appealing to the prurient interest of an ordinary person. The only idea advocated is complete abandon of any restraint with regard to any form of sexual expression. This "idea" is nothing more than could be advocated by the most flagrant pornography . . .

The reasoning is interesting. Since hardcore pornography could (not does!) advocate abandon of any sexual restraint, any other material that advocated a similar abandon is also pornographic. Things equal to the same are equal to each other. Q.E.D.

The Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit made less of an effort to deal with this material. It did not describe it in any detail but merely found that it was patently offensive to current national community standards and did appeal to the prurient interest of the average person. The court found no redeeming social value in any of the publications.

The Supreme Court could not very well go along with Judge Body's analysis of the material. It was simply too far from the position the Court had already taken in the Roth case, the Jacobellis case, and numerous others. Instead of deciding whether the material as such was obscene, which was the way it had pro-

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ceeded in previous cases, it assumed without deciding that the materials by themselves "in the abstract" were not obscene. Viewing the materials, however, "against the background of commercial exploitation of erotica solely for the sake of their prurient appeal," the Supreme Court upheld the conviction of Ginzburg.

Most of the opinion describes Ginzburg's promotion and advertising activity: the attempt of his organization to obtain mailing privileges from Intercourse and Blue Ball, Pennsylvania; the circulars sent out for *Eros* to obtain subscriptions ("Eros . . . is the result of recent court decisions that have realistically interpreted America's obscenity laws and that have given to this country a new breath of freedom of expression . . . Eros takes full advantage of this new freedom of expression. It is *the* magazine of sexual candor"); the statements on the outer envelopes of the advertisements for *Liaison,* asking "Are you among the chosen few?" and the first line of the advertisement which read: "Are you a member of the sexually elite?" Within each advertisement for the *Handbook* was a slip labeled "Guarantee" and reading "Documentary Books Inc. unconditionally guarantees full refund of the price of The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity if the book fails to reach you because of U. S. Post Office censorship interference."

After describing this material, Justice Brennan noted that all the circumstances of presentation and dissemination were

> relevant to determining whether social importance claimed for material in the courtroom was, in the circumstances, pretense or reality—whether it was the basis upon which it was traded in the marketplace or a spurious claim for litigation purposes. Where the purveyor's sole emphasis is on the sexually provocative aspects of his publications, that fact may be decisive in the determination of obscenity.

Justice Brennan ended his opinion by noting that the inhibiting effects that the A.C.L.U., the Authors' League of America, and the American Book Publishers Council predicted would flow from convicting Ginzburg were highly unlikely.

Justices Black and Douglas dissented, based on their conclusion that the First Amendment forbids all censorship of what-

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ever kind. Two of the more conservative members of the Court, Justices Potter Stewart and John Harlan, also dissented. Justice Stewart said:

> [If] the First Amendment means anything, it means that a man cannot be sent to prison merely for distributing publications which offend a judge's esthetic sensibilities, mine or any other's.

Justice Harlan objected to the conviction on the ground that it depends on a theory of obscenity

> entirely unrelated to the language, purposes, or history of the federal statute now being applied, and certainly different from the test used by the trial court to convict the defendants . . . [The] objective test of *Roth* which ultimately focuses on the material in question, is to be supplemented by another test that goes to the question whether the mailer's aim is to "pander" or to "titillate" those to whom he mails questionable matter.

At the heart of the Court's decision was its conclusion that material otherwise not obscene may be pushed over the line by the way in which it is advertised, promoted or disseminated. The legal hook on which Justice Brennan hung his decision was that the claim for redeeming social value urged in a courtroom may be shown to be mere pretense by the publisher's or seller's prelitigation behavior. If the publisher and seller themselves treat the material as obscene, indeed proclaim that it is, a court can take "their own evaluation at its face value and [declare] the book obscene despite the other evidence."

This doctrine is similar to one long applied in the field of unfair competition and trademark infringement. In those cases an infringer may try to come as close as he can to another party's trademark or labeling and to pass off his goods as those of another. If he later urges that there is no possible confusion between his trademark and that of the person he copied, the courts often reject his legal claim on the basis of his pretrial activities. Since the infringer thought the trademarks were close enough to allow him to sell his goods for another's, the court would accept his view of the situation. Learned Hand wrote:

> Imitation may supply the place of proof; the plagiarist's motive can only be some advantage to himself, which is most likely to be . . . the likelihood that his wares will be taken as first-comers. It rests with

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him to disprove this natural inference; until he does we may accept his own estimate of the probabilities.

In the Ginzburg situation, advertising instead of imitation supplied the place of proof. Since Ginzburg, in the Court's opinion, treated his materials as obscene and provocative, they would simply accept his estimate of the matter, even though if pressed to decide the question themselves, they would have concluded that the publications passed muster.

The difficulty in applying this doctrine in the obscenity field is that, whatever its value in a commercial setting, it is completely out of place in a criminal context. If a man admits to robbing a bank but at the trial presents ten alibi witnesses who testify he was miles away at the time, there is no doubt that a court must acquit. No one would say that his prior admission "supplies the place of proof." The statute under which Ginzburg was convicted forbids the mailing of "every obscene, lewd, lascivious . . . article, matter, thing, device, or substance," not the mailing of every nonobscene article that is advertised in a provocative or titillating manner. The New York obscenity statute specifically covers the advertising of any book or magazine "purported or represented as being of an obscene . . . character" and the Model Penal Code prepared by the American Law Institute would create as a separate misdemeanor the advertising or promoting "of material represented or held out . . . to be obscene." Such provisions may be defensible on the grounds that the purchasers of bogus obscenity should be protected against the fraudulent claims of those who would take advantage of their weakness. But the federal law contains no comparable provision (except one declaring as nonmailable an article that "is advertised or described in a manner calculated to lead another to use it . . . for any indecent or immoral purpose" which does not seem to cover the Ginzburg case). Thus the Court had to find the materials themselves obscene to convict Ginzburg and it chose the circuitous path described above.

The only conclusion one can draw from the decision is that the Court was determined to find against Ginzburg one way or another. Some of the materials may have been gross and unedifying. Perhaps they were fraudulently promoted. The Court no

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doubt was offended, particularly by Ginzburg's taunting and truculent claim to going as far as they had allowed him to. But five years is a long time to pay for showing bad taste to the United States Supreme Court.

There are other reasons for the decision. The Supreme Court in recent years has been the prime mover in a social and political reordering of enormous proportions which was opposed by many diverse and powerful political interests. It has brought about a complete reapportionment of the states' legislatures against the wishes of conservatives in both national parties. It has pushed the Negro revolution at a rate far faster than the political groups would have permitted. It has completely changed the administration of criminal justice and brought the Constitution into the police stations all across the country. It has offended conservative church and religious groups by its treatment of school prayer. Somewhere not very far back in the justices' minds is an awareness of the danger in frustrating too often the conservative elements of the country in every area that concerns them. Why not throw them a bone once in a while? Who cares about Ralph Ginzburg?

Surprisingly enough, many people do. The American Book Publishers Council filed an *amicus* brief petitioning the Supreme Court for a rehearing of the Ginzburg case on the ground that the rule established would unduly restrain the dissemination of constitutionally protected literature. A group of distinguished lawyers filed a separate brief on Ginzburg's personal behalf, claiming that he had not been afforded due process in that his conviction was upheld on a theory never urged at his original trial. Many writers and editors urged the Court to reconsider.

The individual injustice to Ginzburg is the first unfortunate aspect of the decision. If he showed a certain grossness in his promotion, it is no worse than we see around us fifty times a day. The material he published is lukewarm in comparison to that found on almost every newsstand. His offensive tone about his own case, and his desire to be a hero are certainly understandable with five years of prison confronting him. But nothing he did warrants such a severe sentence.

The second important implication of the Ginzburg decision

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relates to the United States Government's role in the obscenity field. The principal federal weapon in dealing with obscenity is 18 United States Code § 1461, making it a crime to mail obscene material. During the Eisenhower Administration an average of about two hundred and fifty arrests were made each year under that law. Instead of criminal proceedings, the Post Office would often bring an administrative action to declare a book unmailable, and the question of obscenity could be fought out in the courts on appeal from the Postmaster General's decision, as was done in the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* case. If the book was found obscene, the worst penalty imposed was exclusion from the mails. No risk of a jail sentence was involved. Some time after the Roth case, however, a policy decision was made, which was followed at an accelerated pace in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, to bypass the administrative route and press criminal proceedings in virtually all cases on the issue of obscenity. The change is indicated in the following chart showing arrests and convictions under § 1461 since 1955.

	Arrests	*Convictions*
1955	200	172
1956	224	175
1957	201	175
1958	293	213
1959	315	272
1960	389	306
1961	457	377
1962	605	503
1963	761	637
1964	805	627
1965	874	696

Why this change was made is still unclear. The official Post Office Department position is that the Roth test demands an evaluation of "contemporary community standards." A jury in a criminal proceeding is better able to determine that standard than a postal officer in an administrative action. The increase in prosecutions, however, took place at the same time that the Post Office was asking Congress to make its administrative decisions unreviewable by the courts and was pressing for more power in its fight against obscenity.

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The simple fact is that the threat of criminal prosecution is a much more effective sanction and has far wider effect than an administrative proceeding. Dean William B. Lockhart and Professor Robert C. McClure of the University of Minnesota Law School noted in discussing the increase in state criminal prosecutions that was taking place at the same time:

> Criminal prosecutions have an enormous impact upon retail and wholesale news dealers—reputable businessmen in their communities. The embarrassment and shame of being charged with the crime of selling obscene literature, added to the trouble and expense of defending against criminal actions are enough to terrify dealers in any community in which the practice of criminal prosecution without forewarning has been employed . . .

They indicate that booksellers once burned might well refuse to handle any questionable magazines or books, even those never challenged by the authorities.

No doubt the increase in federal and state prosecutions is due in part to the bigger business in pornographic movies, comic books and pictures, but a substantial proportion of the actions is still being brought against established publishers, distributors and booksellers who, at an earlier time, faced primarily administrative proceedings or were given unofficial warnings from local authorities not to sell certain items. If the Government is to continue enforcement of its obscenity laws, a distinction should be made between the Mafia-purveyors of stag movies and dirty pictures on the one hand and established publishers and sellers of erotic material on the other. There is no reason why the latter should have their wares tested in a criminal proceeding. Many states have injunctive or book libel proceedings available to them, but most of them, with the notable exception of Massachusetts under its able Attorney General, Edward Brooke, have been relying to a much greater extent in recent years upon their criminal laws. At the same time the test of obscenity has been liberalized, the penalty for stepping over or close to the line has increased enormously.

Moreover, the manner in which the Government brings its criminal proceedings raises serious due process problems. Some years ago a Federal Court of Appeals decided in *United States* v.

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Ross that a mailer of obscene material could be indicted only at the place of mailing. In 1958, Congress amended the statute to provide that criminal venue was proper not only at the place of mailing, but also at the place of delivery. Based with this broad power to institute proceedings in virtually any jurisdiction it chooses, the Government has made publishers—who, of course, send their books everywhere—travel many thousands of miles from their home territory to defend their books and magazines. Ginzburg had only to travel from New York to Philadelphia, but a Fresno, California, publisher named Sanford Aday stood trial in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Aday put out a line of tepid sex novels which sold primarily on the West Coast. He was first tried by a California court which acquitted him of violating § 1461 with respect to some of his titles but could not agree on a verdict on a number of other books. The Government thereupon reindicted Aday, not in Fresno, but in Phoenix, Arizona, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Honolulu, and Houston, Texas. The Grand Rapids jury concluded that one book Aday published called *The Sex Life of a Cop* (a fictional description of the kind of sexual hustling two policemen do in a small town, which a law enforcement publication complained reflected unfavorably on the police) was obscene and found him guilty on five separate counts of mailing and transporting that one book. The federal judge imposed consecutive five-year sentences on each count making a total of twenty-five years for Aday and ordered a fifteen-year sentence for the author. The Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in a decision on March 22, 1966, the day after the Ginzburg decision, said that of course the book was obscene, but that twenty-five years was too much under the circumstances and recommended that Aday's sentence be reduced to a mere ten years.

The fact that the Post Office and the Justice Departments could bring actions against Aday and Ginzburg, who are forced to defend themselves at significant distances from their home territories and who face sentences of ten and five years for publishing their innocuous material, is, to say the least, a disheartening spectacle of how the federal government functions in this area. It is bad enough when a local district attorney running for mayor in some Kansas town seizes a bunch of sex magazines, and a New

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York magazine publisher has to spend two or three thousand dollars in fines to clear the matter up. What the federal government has done in the cases noted above is a much more dangerous affair. Perhaps the number of such cases is quite small, but this is all the more reason why they seem shockingly indiscriminate and unnecessary. A return to the use of civil procedures and penalties available makes eminently more sense.

The third effect of the Ginzburg decision will be to increase the number of arrests and convictions for obscenity. On the day after the Supreme Court announced its decision in the Ginzburg case, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania reversed the conviction of one Herman Robin, trading as Robin's Book Store, based on his sale of *Tropic of Cancer*. A judge of a local Philadelphia court had found him guilty of selling obscene material in violation of a court order, after the United States Supreme Court in *Grove Press* v. *Gerstein* had concluded without opinion that Florida could not enjoin the circulation of *Tropic of Cancer* on the grounds of obscenity. The decision of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court was four to one. Three of the judges felt that governmental action designed to shield the juvenile population of Pennsylvania from such material as the *Tropic of Cancer* would still be permissible. The dissenting judge, Judge Michael Musmanno, took issue with his brethren. He was of the opinion that *Tropic of Cancer* could be found obscene despite what the Supreme Court had said. He started his opinion in the following way:

> The decision of the majority of the court in this case has dealt a staggering blow to the forces of morality, decency and human dignity in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. If, by this decision, a thousand rattlesnakes had been let loose, they could not do as much damage to the well being of the people of this State as the unleashing of all the scorpions and vermin of immorality swarming out of that volume of degeneracy called "The Tropic of Cancer."

Judge Musmanno's opinion also contained the following statements:

> "Cancer" is a definite sociological evil . . . . It is a positive menace to the well being of the community in which it contaminates the air it displaces. It condemns, outrages, and ridicules the most fundamental

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rules of good society, namely, honesty, morality and obedience to law. . . . It incites to disorder.

[The book] encourages harlotry and perversion.

To say that "Cancer" is worthless trash is to pay it a compliment.

"Cancer" is not a book. It is a cesspool, an open sewer, a pit of putrefaction, a slimy gathering of all that is rotten in the debris of human depravity. And in the center of all this waste and stench, besmearing himself with its foulest defilement, splashes, leaps, cavorts and wallows a bifurcated specimen that responds to the name of Henry Miller. One wonders how the human species could have produced so lecherous, blasphemous, disgusting and amoral a human being as Henry Miller. One wonders why he is received in polite society.

Judge Musmanno argued that regardless of what the Supreme Court said in *Gerstein,* its decision does not mean that *Cancer* can be regarded as a protected work under all circumstances and conditions. Judge Musmanno refused "to accept the thought that once a decision is rendered on any particular subject, this means that the last bell has rung, the last whistle has blown, the last nail has been driven, the last rivet has been hammered, the last bus has departed, and all there is left to do is to wait until judgment day."

If a judge of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has no difficulty in distinguishing with such vehemence a United States Supreme Court decision dealing with the obscenity of the very book his court is considering, what will local judges in Iowa, Minnesota or Kansas City do with the Ginzburg decision? A federal judge in Maryland, relying on the three new decisions, has already upheld a Customs' ban on some Danish nudist magazines, and local officials away from the large urban centers, whose eagerness to find material obscene is an accepted fact, will be following that lead. The Ginzburg decision means, according to the newspapers and national magazines, that the Supreme Court is getting tougher on pornography. The local authorities do not generally read the advance sheets of the Supreme Court and are not concerned with the precise outlines of its decisions. Before the Ginzburg case—according to Martin Garbus, a noted lawyer in the

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field—it was possible to impose some restraint on local judges (who do not like to get reversed on appeal) by submitting a brief showing the long line of Supreme Court cases upholding a liberal view on obscenity. The Ginzburg decision may seriously blunt that approach. Local lawyers defending books and movies in small towns and cities will be in for a much tougher time in the future without the feeling that the Supreme Court is behind them. Since advertising is a crucial factor now, the most serious reviews of a book can be countered by proof of pandering or titillating, perhaps accomplished by distributors or booksellers over whom the publisher has no control. And local district attorneys, sheriffs and policemen pushed by citizens' vigilante groups will have an even greater impetus to initiate obscenity proceedings.

How serious an effect these actions may have is another matter. Various civil liberties', authors', and publishing groups have been fighting so long against the horrors of censorship—which no one doubts existed for many years—that it is hard for them to wake up one morning and realize the big war is over and only isolated—but stubborn and irritating—pockets of resistance remain. The fact is that almost anything can now be published and the old danger of serious fiction and social commentary being suppressed has all but vanished. As Henry Miller has said, the battle for the writer (as opposed to the lawyer) has been won.

The problem now is primarily one of inconvenience and expense. Grove Press had to defend *Tropic of Cancer* from the lower courts through the Supreme Courts of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Wisconsin, California, Florida and Pennsylvania. There were twenty actions against the book in New Jersey and ten in Illinois. The legal costs to Grove in defending the book were approximately $250,000. G. P. Putnam's Sons had to expend $25,000 in defending *Fanny Hill* in the New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts courts. It spent many thousands of dollars in defending *Candy* in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Philadelphia and St. Louis. James Baldwin's *Another Country* was under attack as obscene not only in New Orleans where such action might be expected on racial grounds, but also in Chicago. There were complaints and litigation relating to John O'Hara's *10 North*

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Frederick in Detroit. Some time ago a Kansas City police officer seized eleven thousand copies of two hundred and eighty publications that he considered obscene, including such books as *Marriage, Sex and Family Problems* and *Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams*. The conviction of an exhibitor for showing the French film "The Lovers" was upheld by the Ohio Supreme Court in 1962. All this material, however, was finally cleared by the courts. The horrible examples of arrests and convictions for selling such books as William Faulkner's *Pylon, Sanctuary* and *Soldier's Pay,* James T. Farrell's *Young Lonigan, A World I Never Made* and *Judgment Day,* Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre,* Nelson Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm,* as well as books by John Dos Passos, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola and others, no longer take place.

But why should Grove have to spend all that money to defend its books and why should a Philadelphia resident have to send away by mail for *Cancer* because the book is still unavailable in that city? One can say, with justification, that the expense (which is sure to increase as an immediate result of the Ginzburg decision) is serious enough to inhibit some borderline publication or exhibition and that the First Amendment requires the destruction of even that restraint on dissemination. Doesn't the Constitution mean that Philadelphia residents should have the same access to publications as someone in New York? Giving the police or an administrative board any power over what we read or see—even if it leads only to irritating harassment—has to be justified on some rational basis before it can be allowed.

The justifications offered for the obscenity laws have a surface plausibility. The more sophisticated arguments concede that occasionally worthy material is attacked as obscene and must be defended and cleared, at some expense, but that this is the price one pays for drawing a line anywhere, and the social interest in restraining the unworthy material, so-called hardcore pornography, demands that it be paid. The reasons for justifying suppression of hardcore pornography were stated by the United States Government in its brief in the Ginzburg case:

> [There] is reason to believe that obscene materials constitute a source of tension and disturbance through the creation of deep-seated feel-

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ings of shame and morbidity in persons exposed to them . . . Obscenity statutes also undoubtedly constitute an attempt to preserve and maintain public morality, not unrelated to similar legislation prohibiting polygamy, public nudity, prostitution, gambling and narcotics . . . In addition, although opinion is sharply divided on the question, some substantial view exists that the distribution of obscenity is more or less directly related to the commission of anti-social acts by at least some of its recipients. . .

Taking the points raised in inverse order, the Government candidly admitted that there is a question whether the distribution of obscenity leads to antisocial conduct. Jurists like Justice Tom Clark and Judge Musmanno, when forced to substantiate any relation between obscenity and criminal conduct, are driven back to quoting J. Edgar Hoover, a few isolated doctors and others who assume this relation as an *a priori* or base it on evidence such as, in Justice Douglas' words, ". . . a horrible example or two of a perpetrator of a crime of sexual violence in whose pocket is found a pornographic book . . ."

The serious studies made by such people as Robert B. Cairns, James C. N. Paul, Julius Wishner of the University of Minnesota, Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck of Harvard, Earl Finfar Murphy of Temple University and Dr. Marie Jahoda come to the opposite conclusion. Lockhart and McClure state that various studies of juvenile delinquency "demonstrate that those who get into trouble and are the greatest concern of the advocates of censorship, are far less inclined to read than those who do not become delinquent." Professor Murphy concluded that the most innocent material—even the Bible—has triggered criminal conduct among the seriously disturbed, and that it is futile to base our laws on the possible reaction of such individuals. In the Cairns study in the *Minnesota Law Review,* the authors wrote:

. . . we can hardly assume that the observation of illicit sex practices will lead to *criminal* sexual behavior. Indeed, common experience contradicts this hypothesis for most people.

They also conclude that under the empirical evidence available "a different thesis is possible. . . . Obscene materials provide a way of releasing strong sexual urges without doing harm to others." Dr. Jahoda, writing to Judge Jerome Frank, said:

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In the vast research literature on the causes of delinquency there is no evidence to justify the assumption that reading about sexual matters or about violence leads to delinquent acts.

Judge Bok of Pennsylvania would put the onus of proving a relationship between obscenity and criminal conduct on the prosecutor in every case and would require that "the causal connection between the book and the criminal behavior . . . appear beyond a reasonable doubt." Certainly that test has not been met in prosecutions thus far.

As for the second justification advanced by the Government for the obscenity laws, John Stuart Mill stated one hundred years ago that the only function or purpose of the criminal law is "to prevent harm to others." Even if a person consents to the infliction of harm against him the state can prevent it, and therefore laws against gambling or narcotics are permitted. There is, however, a long tradition in Western society allowing the law and the courts to go beyond that purpose and, in Lord Mansfield's words, to act as the "general censor and guardian of the public morals." Professor Louis Henkin of the Columbia Law School has suggested that the obscenity laws fall in the latter category and "are not principally motivated by any conviction that obscene material inspires sexual offenses. Obscenity laws, rather, are based on traditional notions, rooted in this country's religious antecedents, of governmental responsibility for communal and individual 'decency' and 'morality.' "

Some control over obscene materials is necessary and unquestioned. Virtually everyone agrees that the state has the power to protect the young from exposure to certain materials such as cigarettes, alcohol and perhaps obscenity, and that there are some sights that should not be thrust upon unwilling eye witnesses. Professor H. L. A. Hart makes the point that "sexual intercourse between husband and wife is not immoral, but if it takes place in public it is an affront to public decency."

The arguments, however, about the obscenity laws center on whether an adult can choose to purchase and indulge himself in the privacy of his home with these materials if neither children nor public decency are involved. True, the worst of such books or pictures are horribly offensive and are in D. H. Lawrence's words,

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an "insult . . . to sex and to the human spirit." One man's horror, however, is another man's delight and there is no reason why government should interfere with that choice. Unless and until the relation between obscenity even of the most degrading kind and criminal conduct can be shown, the attempt to regulate it on the grounds of public morality is a dangerous undertaking. The Wolfenden report on homosexuality in Britain stated: "There must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief and crude terms, not the law's business."

Certainly this notion is imbedded in our Constitution. Professor Henkin points out that the due process clause has been applied more and more to prevent government interference into one's private life. Furthermore, he writes, "when the morals protected are rooted in particular religious dogma and reflect no utilitarian social purpose, there is substantial question whether the separation of church and state has been breached," when the obscenity laws are applied.

The justification mentioned first by the Government points up the complexities and paradoxes in the obscenity area. The Model Penal Code states that:

> Society may legitimately seek to deter the deliberate stimulation and exploitation of emotional tensions arising from the conflict between social convention and the individual's sex drive.

Unquestionably tension and disturbance can be created because of the existence of obscene material. But whose "emotional tensions" are involved? The regular consumers of pornography are most often those whose disturbances are reduced by exposure to it. For some, the reading of obscenity may be a substitute for rather than a stimulus to physical sexuality. Benjamin Karpman has claimed that obscenity produces "psychic masturbation." Aside from the truly revolting material, most of the public would very likely be sexually aroused by whatever pornography they managed to obtain. Is that a "disturbance" serious enough to warrant government action? There are many other stimuli that produce that emotion, but no laws are passed against them. Furthermore, part of the arousal brought about by obscenity may in fact be the result of the law forbidding its dissemination. As the Model Penal Code has noted:

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Some believe that the obscenity laws themselves heighten the aphrodisiac effect of the forbidden material, by adding the excitement of sin and danger.

And are these tensions exploited any less by the advertisers of shaving cream, soft drinks or automobiles?

The crucial tensions may well be located elsewhere. While some rational basis exists for the obscenity laws and many people of goodwill see reason in them, the vociferousness and violence of some of the obscenity crusaders, who proudly proclaim that they have never read such material, indicate another emotional current is at work that bears examination. Norman O. Brown in his brilliant book *Life Against Death* has shown how poorly our sexual impulses are contained, how the polymorphous-perverse sexual activity of children is circumscribed and how through a process of acculturation, the permissible sexual behavior of adults is limited. Our childhood sexual impulses, however, remain very close to the surface of our minds. In the same way that a juror feels he must punish others to bolster his own superego and votes for conviction of a murderer as a terrifying example to his own tempted id, so, too, in the obscenity area it is possible that the drive to repress obscene materials relates primarily to their effect upon one's self. The unexpressed premise may not be "if my child reads this material, what will he do?" It may be "if I read this material, what will I do?" We know how concerned we are about our sexual impulses and feel how easy it would be for these drives to be released. The Government misses the point when it says that obscene materials create tension and disturbance among persons exposed to them. It may well create tension and disturbance among those *not exposed* to them but who fear and are concerned with what might result from that exposure.

The obscenity laws, however, will be with us for the indefinite future. The interests in favor of suppression are too strong for the moment, and the worst of the materials offend those most concerned with the problem. But surely the legislatures and the courts as social architects could come up with better rules for accommodating the interests involved until the whole question is reexamined. If the horror lies in movies or pictures showing explicit acts of sexual intercourse, and the enemies are the under-

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ground hoods who manufacture them, why not establish a rule that covers only them? Why not give books published by established companies the greatest leeway and test them only in administrative proceedings?

Nevertheless, what the Supreme Court did on March 21, 1966, is of great moment for the future. The Ginzburg decision itself will unquestionably be treated as an aberration in the future as the impracticality and difficulty of administering the rule declared there becomes apparent to the courts. In the *Fanny Hill* case the Supreme Court established a rule that can stay with us for many years to come. By making clear that no book, picture or printed matter of any kind can be proscribed unless it is utterly and completely without redeeming social value, the Court has made an intelligent step forward. As more investigations are made, it will become clear that the chilling practice of giving authorities censorship powers over any material is too dangerous to continue. As Learned Hand wrote in 1913: "I question whether in the end men will regard that as obscene which is honestly relevant to the adequate expression of innocent ideas, and whether they will not believe that truth and beauty are too precious to society at large to be mutilated in the interests of [restraining] those most likely to pervert them to base uses."

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Edgar Bogardus, Poet, Deceased

F. D. Reeve

Sure you are dead. Yet still I wish
I had a key that would unlock
your coffin full of bones. I'd bring
you lilies, geraniums in pots,
green, lacquered messages of love
and get-well tears to hide the true
light rain of forgetfulness of you,
the scrim that hangs in front of your
dark gravestone on this literary stage.

Whatever role is yours, speak loudly.
Whatever play is on, look brave.
Although your body falls apart,
sleep like a child in the damp, the smell,
and the sockets of your eyes will fill
with worms, like cornucopias.
Dream of girls with sweating breasts
and moonlit spangles in their hair,
in pairs roll down the ramp of love
and burst like bombs in naked air.

Listen now: few people know
you lived and wrote a book of poems.
Listen: no one cares, not even friends,
who walk along the street content
your sudden death has left to them
a lifetime for their excellence.

✪ F. D. REEVE is author of *Aleksander Blok: Between Image and Idea, Robert Frost in Russia, The Stone Island, Six Poems* and *The Russian Novel.* Mr. Reeve also is the translator and editor of *An Anthology of Russian Plays.*

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The Public Custody of the High Pornography

KATHLEEN MOLZ

THAT PROSTITUTION, or as the Victorians euphemistically called it, "the great social evil," was the subject of a modestly prolific literature in nineteenth-century Britain has already been amply illustrated in Walter Houghton's discriminating study, *The Victorian Frame of Mind.* What remains is for another social critic, some hundred years hence, to uncover the evidences of our present absorption with pornographic literature, or as we euphemistically call it, "erotica." One can only conjecture what such a critic will think of the volatile *plume de guerre* waged by George Steiner and Maurice Girodias, which during the span of a few months ran its course through the pages of *Encounter* into the Augustan columns of the London *Times.* Although their dialogue may prove to be the most conspicuous example of contemporary debate on the subject, a number of other articles have appeared, each with the by-line of some noted American novelist, editor, publisher or academician.

All of these represent, however, but a small sampling of the critical effort to comprehend and interpret the so-called sexual revolution in literature. An equally rich mine of material can be found in the lesser-known journals of special interest to one of the most overlooked participants in the erotica business: the public librarian. On the surface, he would appear a most improbable candidate for involvement in questions of pornography. The pulp literature of the cheaper bookstalls has never found room on library shelves, nor is there much likelihood that it ever will. But the curious anomaly of the present traffic in erotica has been its aura of sudden respectability: many an old chestnut from the world's

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abundant literature of sex has been refurbished, put out under the imprint of a respectable publishing house, decorously bound, subtly advertised, and almost invariably prefaced by the commentary of some reputable scholarly figure. Confronted by the appearance of a new edition of the very book that has languished for years in the stacks (because it had proved a problem child for the collection), the librarian may sometimes feel a little like the lad at the royal procession, who whispered to his father: "But the Emperor has nothing at all on."

Given the current penchant that denies that there is such a thing as a taboo word, an obscene passage, or a pornographic book, the literature of criticism has sought new ways to verbalize the characteristics of such variant titles as the vintage writings of the Marquis de Sade, *Fanny Hill, The Perfumed Garden, The Olympia Reader, Story of O, Naked Lunch* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn.* Such works are often described as belonging to a "post-pornographic" generation, or in the coinage that seems better suited to their cultural remove from the salacious staples of the newsstand: "the high pornography." It is in the selection of this "high pornography" that the librarian finds difficulty, for to its consideration he comes historically late and to its review and purchase, critically unprepared.

Charged with making decisions about various titles, with funds derived from the public treasury, the librarian holds rather a unique position among all those engaged in the writing, publication and dissemination of books. That is *not* to say that conscionable writers, publishers and booksellers exhibit no concern for their readers, but to emphasize that the *public custody* of books is the librarian's prime responsibility, one that leaves him accountable to every licit or illicit critic who finds fault with the presence (or absence) of certain books on library shelves.

The concept of the library collection as a public trust dates back to the origins of the public library itself. No better statement, descriptive of its high function as the means through which the general public could seek knowledge and enlightenment, exists than the 1852 report of the trustees of the Boston Public Library, the first such institution to be established in a major American city.

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Although the trustees specified no books by name, they were quite clear as to the type of collection required. In referring to the popular books of the times, they made note that "the more respectable" would be purchased; indeed, the trustees conceded that in the matter of book selection "the popular taste" could even be followed, "unless it should ask for something unhealthy."

With a residual puritanical distrust for light reading including, of course, fiction, the trustees envisioned a hierarchical structure of cultural improvement. At the lowest step of this Victorian *Gradus ad Parnassum,* the prospective patron would be expected to peruse only the "lighter publications"; next he would progress to the "older and more settled works in Biography, in History," finally reaching those titles comprised in "the graver departments of knowledge." If the trustees were less than explicit about what was comprised in the "lighter publications," their contemporary, Horace Mann, was not. In his *Common School Journal,* he had already looked askance at the holdings of early libraries, the stock of which he castigated as "novels, and all that class of books which is comprehended under the familiar designation of 'fictions,' 'light reading,' 'trashy works,' 'ephemeral' or 'bubble literature.' " By initiating their own version of "upward cultural mobility" the trustees hoped to achieve not only the improvement of individual taste, but also, and more important, the obviation of "a great deal of the mischievous poor reading now indulged in."

Ironically, their report was issued but a few months after the initial publication in book form of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Apart from its more pertinent political influences, the book, written by a minister's wife and devoted to so serious a theme, did much to establish in this country the benefits of the novel as an instrumentality of social good. Consequently, fiction, ephemeral or not, was to become a large part of the country's newly formed public libraries, and for many years the circulation of novels exceeded that of all other materials comprised within the library's total holdings.

Nonetheless, the reluctant encouragement of the novel (and its frequent associations with mischief and malaise) had so penetrated the roots of public librarianship that, from the nineteenth century

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on, libraries bifurcated all knowledge into two classes, maintaining statistical records for the circulation of what was termed fiction and nonfiction. Because of the vagaries of the Dewey classification system, fiction, unique among all art forms, was torn from its historical context and arranged in the meaningless illogic of the alphabet. Even today, in a peculiar reversal of chronology, Henry Miller lies midway between the austere chastity of Jane Austen and the brusque realism of Émile Zola. In contrast, imaginative works by poets, playwrights and essayists, safely ensconced within the "literature" numbers of the decimal system, were considered nonfiction—by implication, works on a higher rung of the cultural ladder.

The gnawing fear that the novel was basically a device to while away time, and by inference, a lesser form of art, died slowly. Even as late as 1908, Arthur Bostwick, then president of the American Library Association, singled out French fiction as a genre offensive to "canons of decency." "Mr. Wister has told librarians," he said, "that all subjects are 'fit for fiction.' This is interesting as an academic thesis, but when the French proceed to act upon it, the Anglo-Saxon catches his breath. . . . An American public library is justified in requiring its books to respect American prejudices." In an unhappy burst of rhetoric, Bostwick embraced the role of the librarian as "a censor of literature," thus casting the die for the continuing debate as to whether the rejection of controversial novels can be construed as the legitimate exercise of a responsible book selection policy or as the shabby exemplification of what Morris Ernst once called "the subterranean censorship" of the public library.

Those who now lightly dismiss the Bostwickian dicta as latent Comstockery should recall that Anthony Comstock was only eight years old when the report of the Boston trustees was published. Bostwick, and the profession of which he was a spokesman, actually fell heir to two traditions: the first involved a morbid distrust of fiction, and the second presumed that lasciviousness in literature would lead to delinquency in behavior. These two became commingled in such a way that it is hardly surprising that the novel, unwelcome stepchild of the library's collection, should have become the prime target in questions of the obscene.

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With a pall of community Grundyism forever over his head, the librarian was never the innovator in the selection of suspect items, and for the most part, copies of *Jurgen, Sister Carrie, The Well of Loneliness* or the Studs Lonigan trilogy found their way onto library shelves long after they had proved themselves part of the classic canon of fiction already represented there. As the number of such books grew, the increasing sexual candor of the novel no longer seemed a point of critical relevance, and by 1933, with the determination of the *Ulysses* case, the librarian found in the temperate wording of the decision a more proper and rational focus for his own book selection policies. Judge Woolsey's emphasis on the whole book (as opposed to the isolated passage) and the stress placed on the reader as an average person (in contrast to the immature, the deviant or the eccentric) afforded saner avenues for the examination of novels than the alarmist views of Arthur Bostwick.

Other factors contributed toward a more libertarian view: the book burnings of Hitler's Germany, the anti-intellectualism inherent in the work of the Gathings Committee, and the divesting of libraries during the McCarthy era, each in turn tended to convince the librarian that the dangers of governmental or private proscription were far worse than the palpable coarseness of any one book, however crude. During the early sixties, at the height of national concern over the outcome of the *Tropic of Cancer* case, the library profession came full circle, and through the action of its national organization, the American Library Association, even entered an *amicus curiae* brief in defense of the book. In addition, a number of individual librarians staunchly stood their ground, refusing to comply with extralegal community pressures to remove the book from their collections. Yet, it is not unfair to say that what librarians basically defended in the *Tropic* case was not so much the book itself, but rather the principle guaranteeing its free and open dissemination.

Far from resolving the issues in contemporary library book selection, the *Tropic* case was soon found only to have accentuated them. The book's exoneration before the Supreme Court held considerable promise to many publishers that works of equal, if not sur-

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passing, frankness would be similarly protected, and the market was inevitably glutted with a veritable bordello school of fiction. Grounded in the nineteenth-century tradition of the novel, in which the theme of sexual misconduct was invariably associated with grief, the librarian was left to evaluate the easy virtues of a Candy and a Fanny Hill who, unlike Anna Karenina, Emma Bovary or Tess Durbeyfield, skip through the back streets of their fictional worlds with neither a thought of repentance nor a semblance of shame. Fearing that any criticism he might make of this widely advertised old/new fiction would label him forever as "a prurient prude," the librarian turned more and more to the opinions of others hoping to find some resolution of the issues he mentally raised when the salacious novel came up for review. Three in number, these questions are: How much of this sexually burdened literature will the local community traffic bear? Do such books possess qualities, either aesthetically or philosophically, to warrant the expenditure of public funds for their purchase? And, what is the library's responsibility for the inclusion of such books, not only toward its mature readers, but also *in loco parentis* toward those users of the collection not yet legally of age?

On the first of these, at least prior to the recent rulings in the Ginzburg case, librarians had tended to rely upon the discrimination of the courts; that is, works proscribed by local magistrates or banned from importation into this country were not circulated by public libraries. This reliance on juridical discrimination may be, however, totally unfounded, since the law continues to ban a book as obscene without in any way showing a causative relationship between the reading of a book and the subsequent delinquent or antisocial actions that it presumably provokes. That such a causality is a matter of supposition, but never of proof, remains the essential weakness of our present obscenity laws.

Then, too, the law seeks a determination of the author's intent in writing a book, surely a most difficult factor to ascertain when the work in question is one of the imagination. Yet the crux of the *Ulysses* decision was, in essence, Joyce's motivation. ". . . In any case where a book is claimed to be obscene," Judge Woolsey wrote, "it must first be determined, whether the intent with which it was

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written was what is called, according to the usual phrase, pornographic,—that is, written for the purpose of exploiting obscenity. . . . But in 'Ulysses,' in spite of its unusual frankness, I do not detect anywhere the leer of the sensualist. I hold, therefore, that it is not pornographic."

Destined to become a kind of legal shibboleth, the phrase "leer of the sensualist" was used again, in a totally different context, when Judge Frederick vanPelt Bryan handed down his 1959 decision relating to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Here Judge Bryan subtly shifted the burden of proof as to the merits of the work away from the author and straight into the camp of his publishers and advertisers. "There is nothing of the 'leer of the sensualist,' " he commented, "in the promotion or methods of distribution of this book. There is no suggestion of any attempt to pander to the lewd and lascivious minded for profit. The facts are all to the contrary."

With such a precedent, it should not have been so very surprising that Mr. Justice Brennan based his findings of obscenity in the Ginzburg case primarily on the methods used to promote the works at issue. Even the language of his decision bears a marked similarity to that of Judge Bryan: "The 'leer of the sensualist' also permeates the advertising for the three publications. The circulars sent for EROS and Liaison stressed the sexual candor of the respective publications, and openly boasted that the publishers would take full advantage of what they regarded an [*sic*] unrestricted license allowed by law in the expression of sex and sexual matters." Conservative though the librarian may be, he was never so naïve as to believe that the packaging of a product could substantively alter its contents. That the Supreme Court could, on the one hand, absolve *Fanny Hill,* which for two hundred years has been considered a pornographic classic, and, on the other, convict a publisher for an advertising campaign, however meretricious, struck the librarian with as much a sense of dismay as it did the rest of the nation.

It may seem unfortunate that librarians have traditionally placed a greater reliance in these matters on the literature of jurisprudence than on the literature of criticism, for pornography is essentially an aesthetic, not juridical, problem. Put another way,

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the advent of an under-the-counter book in an over-the-counter display becomes, surely in our time, not a question of morals, but of taste. By rights, the strongest opponents of the inherent tawdriness of much modern fiction should be the academic or literary critic. His analyses of this fiction, however, tend to read more and more like briefs for the defense. As one reviewer wrote of a recent novel: it fractures "the last rationale of censorship," thus begging the question as to the worth of a book whose sole merit seems to be comprised in its narrow escape from proscription.

The day in court of many a critic, called upon to testify as an expert witness in a local or state obscenity trial, has done the cause of letters little service. Respected voices from the scholarly community have been heard to deny solemnly that there are any obscenities in Henry Miller's books and to characterize *Fanny Hill* as "a minor work of art." That Henry Miller may be said to utilize vulgarisms for aesthetic purposes or that John Cleland may be said to avoid vulgarisms for the sake of achieving an aesthetic remove from his subject simply substitutes the semantic circumlocutions of the critic for those of the law, leaving no one any clearer as to what pornography is or how to deal with it. The rationale behind this testimony is, of course, understandable; under the aegis of our current obscenity statutes, no better solution can be afforded. The law requires that lubricious material be proved not obscene in order to be circulated; since art is presumably exempt from these rules, the best defense for this literature lies in proving that it is "art," an enormous tent of a word which now must accommodate the peculiar alliance of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Fanny Hill.*

In an unfortunate reversal of roles, the literary critics have become our guarantors of intellectual freedom (surely the province of our jurists), and the nation's judges have become our literary critics, deciding what is art and therefore licit and what is non-art and therefore banned. It is the place of law, nevertheless, to secure for man his freedom to read, a freedom permitting him access to good books, bad books, indifferent ones. The critic's function is to remind the reading public that distinctions among such books still pertain. When the critic assumes the mantle of behavioral scientist, he is led into the provocative but specious argument that

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"the open distribution of pornography and obscenity would thus encourage heterosexuality and discourage impotence and frigidity." When the critic becomes judge, he feels impelled to advise us that *Our Lady of the Flowers* is "in no sense a wicked book or a pornographic one," thus anticipating an issue which the reader, on this side of the Atlantic, might honestly never have raised.

In this topsy-turvy scheme of things, in which the jurist adjudicates our national aesthetic and the critic serves as the watchdog of our national ethic, it is small wonder that the nation's public libraries present so confused a policy in the handling of controversial books. At one extreme, an urban public library, serving upward of one million residents, rejects the writings of the Marquis de Sade on the grounds that they constitute pornography; at the other, copies of *Story of O* freely circulate from a small-town public library in an adjacent state. However much one could take exception to either or both of these decisions, the painful soul-searching from which they derive must be reckoned with, and even compassionated. As Jesse Shera once wisely wrote, "No librarian can see clearly the ends which he should seek when his country is confused about the direction in which it is moving." Lacking even an exact definition of pornography, the librarian may find that, in the last analysis, his best advice will come from the old axiom: "Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch."

Raised through critical and commercial exploitation to the level of a cultural phenomenon, the "high pornography" remains a subcultural literature. That is not to say that advertising and promotion can make a work pornographic (as the decisions of the Supreme Court would seem to imply), but rather to indicate that the criteria used to appraise such books can be so devalued that the only factors left relevant are those of shock or titillation. Pornography becomes "high" in precise proportion to the downgrading of the critical apparatus used to accommodate its inescapable limitations. Such a situation pertained, I believe, in the critical reviewing afforded *Candy* and *Story of O,* both of them books designed to meet the needs of the bibliovoyeur. That those desiring such entertainment should be left free to obtain it, there should be no question, but it does not lie within the responsibility of a

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public library to indulge every vagary of human taste. Nor should the rejection of these books or others of like ilk lead to any inference that the librarian is acting in this regard as a censor. Censorship is the formal interdiction of a book or other material by a government, and the exclusion of books by libraries in no way curtails their availability through other sources. To raise the hue and cry of intellectual freedom over every title rejected by a library becomes in the long run merely ridiculous, since, by its very nature, intellectual freedom protects the right of choice, whether it be wise or faulty.

At the same time, the librarian must face up to some defects of his own: traditionally, he has always demanded more of the novel than he has of any other genre. From the beginning of the public library movement, the novel has been tolerated as a concession to the public taste. It may be time to reexamine the remnants of this old prejudice, and admit fiction into the literature class of the library's collection. If this were achieved, the works of the Marquis de Sade would not be left swimming in an alphabetic sea, but would be juxtaposed with the evaluative studies that place his writings in their historic and critical context. The delimitation of the adult fiction collection to meet the requirements of the adolescent reader is also false, and librarians should exercise caution that the significant literature of their contemporaries is not rejected on the grounds of its unsuitability for the thirteen-year-old. Genet's style mandates the inclusion of his writings in the nation's libraries; poor the collection that would deny him access.

In defense of librarians, it should be said, however, that they stand dead center in the midst of muddle. Enjoined by a critical literature that wraps up every sex-obsessed book in a mantle of artistic "freedom," and beset by a conservative, if not reactionary, element of the public, which scents down the off-color words even in the *Dictionary of American Slang*, the librarian is not without rights to call down "a plague o' both your houses." With all its fallacies the statement of the Boston trustees still pertains: in their regard, the public library was intended as a mirror of the mind, casting back to man not only the reflection of his greatest accomplishments, but also the sorrier image of his mistakes. That such

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an institution should be supported by public funds was, admittedly, a grand design, and grand designs have seemingly gone out of fashion. Society, with its shorter view that the public should get what it pays for, has so chipped away at the concept of a public library that, in all too many communities, it has become little more than an informational hodgepodge, furnishing its staff and resources as a solver of riddles for the community's contestants, a reference arm for the burden of community homework, and a supplier of cheap best sellers for the titillation of the middle class. In this age of assets, people have every right to *buy* what they want to read, and the question of pornography, or smut literature, or whatever other designation it goes under, will eventually boil down to nothing more than what is encompassed in the old phrase, *"chacun à son goût."*

What is inane about our present situation is that the worst of advertisements, every frenzied line of which spells out *caveat emptor* to the discriminating and sensible reader, renders a man liable to conviction. As long as pornography is made a legal issue, purveyors of bad taste become martyrs and their cheap haberdashery comes off as shirts of silk. I would hope that the public library, conservative, square, or what you will, would resist the banalities of a literature squalid in style, poor in effect. The blandishments and soporifics of most of "the high pornography" will add little luster to those houses of high culture located around the corner from Elm Street.

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An *X* to the Left of the Writer

RICHARD FRANKO GOLDMAN

There are times when it seems that one's mail consists entirely of questionnaires, most of them silly, and many of them impertinent. Letter writing, even in Business English, has apparently not for some time been considered a productive branch of Communications Arts; in any case, the Post Office clearly gives precedence in forwarding and delivery to bills, advertisements and solicitations of very slightly differentiated importunity. But the questionnaires are a class by themselves, and have not been given the study they deserve as the tribute of imitation paid by the American researcher to the American scholar.

Almost the first observation one makes is that the questionnaires are often accompanied by mimeographed or printed instructions of the most conspicuous rudeness. Those originating in state universities or schools of education are often equally notable for their idiocy and their peremptoriness. They normally demand immediate attention ("Return at once"—and with the recipient's five-cent stamp) and seldom bother to include a thank-you-in-advance for your time or your attention, whichever seems the more expendable. One is, however, occasionally reminded that one has been "selected" to receive the questionnaire, and that one is thus privileged to contribute one's mite to the successful completion of the sender's task. Candidates for doctorates are, as a general thing, especially offensive. Often, by the content of their covering form-letters (or, more properly, form-demands), as well as by the sheer beauty of their questions, they unknowingly reveal their immense lack of qualifications for scholarly work of any sort above the junior high school level, and betray the *tone* (as well as the expectations) of the institutions that harbor them.

The splendor of the language of the typical questionnaire is matched only by the solemnity of the purpose. When one is asked to specify the "major vocational commitments" of noted persons (example given: Beethoven—*Music*) or is asked to grade candidates for admission to dental schools on their Moral Attitudes (from "High Standards" as the most acceptable to "Licentious" as the least) or on Appearance ("Most Pleasing" to "Repulsive"), one cannot help feeling that humanity was never in history so well served or guarded against the possibility of mistakes. For this, a five-cent stamp seems a small contribution.

But occasionally the dreary procession of pointless or unanswerable questionnaires is enlivened by the arrival of one in which earnest nonsense is tempered by a faint melancholy fascination. Not long ago I received one of these, sent by a member of the psychology department of a large western university. The concern of this questionnaire was the "relative eminence," or "indices of eminence change," of writers born before 1870. One was asked to place "X marks to the left of the 25 writers" (but not to the left of the names of the writers) who have left works "most worthy to be called to the attention of our

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children and lay contemporaries" and to be preserved as a part of our heritage. *Et cetera,* Amen. One was not, mercifully, required to "rank order the names you have checked." Appended was a list of the names of 207 authors; recipients were invited to add names if they could think of any not included. But of course it is difficult to think when one is overcome by awe, and the questionnaire itself, being designed as a substitute for thinking, does not encourage one to go beyond its limits. The checklist serves up thought condensed, frozen and pre-sorted; one is seldom tempted to wonder why there are 207 names instead of 206 or 208, or how the names were "pre-selected." No one, to my knowledge, has spoken candidly about the essentially dictatorial nature of questionnaires, even of relatively polite or inoffensive ones. If one attempts to suggest that the answers sought are not simple, that not every question is resolved black or white, yes or no, or that there is no apparent reason for checking 25 items instead of 24 or 37 or 2 of the already arbitrary listing, one reveals oneself as a compromiser or perhaps even as a saboteur. One is reminded of the poor lady who, while tending an adding machine of some sort, reported to her supervisor that it made consistent errors, and who was thereupon summarily fired as a troublemaker.

O relative eminence! O measurement of altitude! We may not have read works of all of the 207 candidates, and we may not be sure what eminence is, but we can presume to rate them and it relatively. It is not important to know literature; what counts is reputation. Is an "eminent author" a thing similar in kind to an eminent general, or an eminent feature of a landscape? Is relative eminence a measure of current fashion, or did the author of the questionnaire believe that he intended something different? Or did he simply—what corruption! what lust for power and promotion!—wish to use us all to become himself an eminent authority on eminence?

It is of course a masquerade: simple inquisitiveness, aimlessly aroused, dressed in the fancy clothes of research and the exotic language of pseudo scholarship. One is sometimes tempted to find one's examples of precise prose and sweet reason among the unscholarly, especially in the thought and imagery of popular magazines and full-page advertisements. Nothing could speak more clearly, or briefly, of relative eminence than a caption in a travel magazine: *Greece is OUT—Egypt is IN!* No fuss, no questionnaires, no ambiguity. One knows what is meant and sees that it is so. And one immediately feels more easy when one sees that this firmness of touch can be applied not only to tourism but to literature. George Meredith is OUT—The Marquis de Sade is IN. (At least among those who *know.*) The eminence game is fun in all the arts: Carl Maria von Weber, Claude Lorraine, Thorvaldsen and Swinburne are OUT (low eminence ratings); Kleist, Magnasco, Carl Nielsen and totem poles are IN. But if one is to keep up, and to be *accurate,* one should look at one's ratings not less often than once a month. Things do move; and molehills have been known to become mountains.

When I was a child, we played *en famille* an "educational" parlor game called *Authors.* The authors immortalized on the playing cards of the set—identification of the authors' works was the winning trick of the game—were obviously selected for their eminence; they included, in addition to Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott and Milton, such eminent (or at least worthy of being called to the attention of our children) literary figures as Bulwer Lytton, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Greenleaf Whittier and General Lew Wallace. (But where were W. Harrison Ainsworth, Edna Lyall and H. Rider Haggard?)

Were these authors selected or rejected by a committee or by tabulating the results of a questionnaire? I suspect not. Nor do I suppose that the company that published the game had hired an educational consultant, a child psychologist, or even an adult psychologist, to offer expert advice. In any event, the game reflected a conventional view of relative eminence in its time. But the point of the reminiscence

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perhaps lies elsewhere. My curiosity having been aroused, as I concluded that such a game could hardly be popular today, I decided to find out whether it was in fact still manufactured and distributed. I therefore made the effort of going out to inquire, with (or so it seems to me) results almost too appropriate to the undertaking. When I explained to a clerk that I was merely curious, and was seeking information, it became obvious that I was a nuisance, a nonconsumer, and possibly a dangerous nut. Since, on occasion, I can take a hint, and even make practical application of it, I decided that at the next place I visited I would say, with a proper air of importance, that I was *doing research.* And this, of course, works. No one can do enough to help serious people engaged on important labors of the mind.

One can only wish my eminence researcher luck. One is sure that he will find out, after a considerable expenditure in postage stamps, that Meredith has a low eminence rating, and Henry James a very high one. What will he do then? Is there any possibility that he will read—or, to be kind, that he will reread—Meredith to find out what's wrong with the poor fellow?

If he does, I should like to know, although I will never have faith in his methods. Of the peripheral "researcher" in literature, E. M. Forster wrote (in *Aspects of the Novel*) that "Everything he says may be accurate but all is useless because he is moving around books instead of through them; he either has not read them or cannot read them properly. Books have to be read (worse luck, for it takes a long time); it is the only way of discovering what they contain. A few savage tribes eat them, but reading is the only method of assimilation revealed to the west."

Eating them might add to our knowledge of taste. But an inquiry into "relative eminence" could have been completed in an hour or two in any large bookstore. The paperback presses provide up-to-the-minute answers by the evidence of what they have and what they keep in print. There is less of Meredith, for example, than of any English novelist ever considered "major"; he runs about even with Disraeli. (There is also, for those interested, very little of Balzac, at least in English.) But we all do know that there are many authors, great and small, who are in vogue, and whose every fugitive word is available in six or seven competing editions, with notes.

Meredith is an extreme example of an eminence diminished, perhaps justly. One expects that there are at least 25 writers (but why 25?) more worthy than he of "being called to the attention of our children," or preserved, or translated into Swahili. But this does not mean that he is not at all worthy (not of being classified, but of being read) or that his once immense reputation was not in some degree deserved. If we assume that our ancestors, who thought him a demigod of literature (see *The Encyclopaedia Britannica,* 14th edition), could have been so thoroughly mistaken, we merely emphasize our own fallibility, and accept fashion, or eminence by poll, as a judgment of something less constant than our own variability.

So much for "indices of eminence change." George Eliot was once much out of fashion, and is now again in favor, much helped by puffs from Professor Leavis. But some readers never forgot that she was worth reading. Meredith's reputation may never again be what it was, but "eminence" and fashion being what they are, this is clearly no guarantee against his being some day "rediscovered." He was, for all of his often fancy language, a serious writer, and he had to a refined degree an awareness of comedy and the uses of the comic spirit. And in the *Essay on Comedy* he did at least remind us that in scholarship as in literature, or indeed in any of the circumstances of our mortal careers, the final word should not be with the agelast, the one who never laughs.

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Portrait

Hopkins of Dartmouth

STEARNS MORSE

Ernest Martin Hopkins' consuming interest was in people; he was consequently wary of tags like "liberal" or "conservative." Nevertheless I first became aware of his existence from a reference in the *New Republic* in June, 1921, shortly after I had accepted a position in a small private school in northern New Jersey.

A year or so before I had worked for a brief time in a humble capacity for this liberal journal of opinion. This was the era of the postwar Bolshevik scare and the minions of A. Mitchell Palmer were scurrying about looking for revolutionaries in their hidden lairs. At this point the *New Republic* was considered a radical rather than a liberal journal and a raid by the Department of Justice was not unlooked for; indeed it was only hoped that, if this should occur, it might be on a Wednesday, when the weekly editorial luncheon was taking place with Thomas Lamont of the Morgan firm likely to be one of the guests.

The New Jersey school, I discovered, was scarcely sympathetic to radical ideas. Indeed I soon learned that one of the masters had recently been fired because of alleged radical tendencies. (He went on to a distinguished career in New England private schools.) The head of the board of trustees of the school was Grinnell Willis, son of N. P. Willis, the poet and critic; he was, in his eighties, the principal owner of textile mills in Scotland. At the culmination of the episode the rather awesome Mr. Willis had addressed an assembly of the school and demanded that all the masters take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

The headmaster rose to this challenge. His chief distinction at Harvard he had won as a member of the crew. In his middle fifties, broad-shouldered, at least six feet tall, with iron gray hair, a crisp iron gray mustache and a ruddy countenance, he was truly a gentleman of distinction. On this occasion he lived up to his appearance. In rather bumbling but no less decisive phrases he allowed that since an ancestor had been one of the first to fall at the battle of Lexington he would consider it an insult to take any such oath or ask any of his masters to do so. Truer to their common Harvard heritage than his principal trustee, he thus put an end to the affair.

It was in this context that I came across the reference to Ernest Martin Hopkins: a quotation from the commencement address he had given in June (of 1921) at the University of Pennsylvania in which he deplored the reluctance, after the war, "with which there is returned to an ancient people the ancient right of access to knowledge of the truth, the right of free assembly and the right of freedom of speech." And in the fall of 1922 I read (again in the *New Republic*) an account of the convocation address in which Hopkins startled people with the statement that "too many men are going to college";

STEARNS MORSE joined the Dartmouth faculty in 1923; from 1946 to 1956 he was Dean of Freshmen; he is now professor of English emeritus. Mr. Morse contributed to *The College on the Hill: a Dartmouth Chronicle* and edited *Lucy Crawford's History of the White Mountains,* which was published in June.

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deprecated the use of the college to define an aristocracy of birth or wealth; and called for an "aristocracy of brains."

In the spring of my second year at the New Jersey school I walked down the corridor to the headmaster's office, glancing amusedly at the suit of armor on the stair landing, the helmet of which years before the young John Reed had crowned with a chamber pot. For my carefree mood was somewhat akin to his: I was going to tell the headmaster that I had accepted a position in the English department at Dartmouth. But before I had a chance to break my news he began, rather shamefacedly and with a certain amount of hemming and hawing to tell me that he had neglected to say, as he was supposed to earlier, that the trustees had voted a prohibition of such organs as the *Nation* and the *New Republic* in the classroom; he had not done so, he went on, because he trusted my discretion. I did not bother to confess that I had in fact used the latter journal once or twice since I was full of my own news, which I then proceeded to tell him with emphasis on my admiration for Dartmouth's president.

He listened rather glumly. There is an unconscious parochialism about some Harvard men that is rather endearing—a parochialism, of course, by no means peculiar to Harvard; one meets it in graduates of other institutions, Oxford and Cambridge, for example. And it is endearing, I say—like Queen Victoria's habit of sitting down without looking behind her in the certainty that someone would provide a chair. One would have supposed that a headmaster would have had at least a dim awareness of other college presidents than the presidents of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. But such was not the case. "Is he a Harvard man?" he blurted out. "No," I admitted. He said nothing but looked a little as Queen Victoria might have looked if the chair had not been there.

Insular complacency was scarcely a mark of Ernest Martin Hopkins, but he appreciated it in others. When I told him about the episode he at once matched it with a remark his father had made to him when he announced in his last year at Worcester Academy that he was going to Dartmouth. The Reverend Adoniram Judson Hopkins, a Baptist clergyman, who had gone to Harvard, looked at him in amazement. "What makes you think you couldn't get into Harvard?" he asked.

This exchange occurred after I had been several years at Dartmouth. As a young instructor I had little occasion for personal contact with the president. Not that he held himself aloof from younger members of the faculty. In fact, my friend Artemas Packard, who came as an instructor also the year after I came, was in close touch with Mr. Hopkins almost from the first. This arose from the fact that Packard had fresh ideas about the teaching of art that corresponded to the radical ideas of Mr. Hopkins' good friend Adelbert Ames, then pursuing his researches in optics and psychology. After a year or so in the English department Packard was asked by the president to revitalize the art department —it was he who induced Mr. Hopkins to invite Orozco to paint the frescoes in Baker Library in the thirties.

During these early years, then, it was largely through Packard's relationship to him that I formed my impressions of his thinking and his methods of administration. But one did not need to be in intimate touch with Ernest Martin Hopkins to assess his particular quality. I used occasionally to watch him from my living room—I lived for two years in Choate House, the last remaining house on the campus—as he went by from his house on College Street to his office in Parkhurst Hall. He had a distinctive walk, which I can best describe as a sloping walk, throwing in leisurely fashion his weight from one foot to the other.

The immediate impression was one of dignity and reserve—dignity without stuffiness. ("He is the first college president I have ever met," a friend of Czech extraction once wrote me from Lincoln, Nebraska, "who is not a stuffed shirt.") In his way, too, he was a "gentleman of distinction," although not of the superficial

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photogenic quality that readily lends itself to the advertising of whiskey. He was scarcely the back-slapping type, yet he could casually throw an arm about your shoulder. In conversation he looked at you directly from deep brown eyes—not of the piercing sort, they were too friendly for that, but they took you in and sized you up without seeming to, for he was always as interested in what you had to say to him as in what he had to say to you. He spoke always easily, and laughter came easily to him; but a certain slight trembling of the lips and what seemed, but was not, a hesitancy in speech and a nervous habit of rubbing his hands betrayed, beneath the dignity and reserve, shyness and an emotional capacity always kept under control.

All that I became aware of later. At this time I knew him only as he presided at faculty meetings or spoke on official occasions. I am inclined to think that during these years of the twenties his pronouncements were quoted in the metropolitan press more often than those of any other college president. Yet his public speech—at least on official occasions—was somewhat involved and labored. I suspect this sprang partly from self-consciousness, the realization that a prominent "educator" was always in the public eye. Perhaps, too, it was the result of the contemptuous comment of a member of the faculty after his inaugural address: "Sounds just like a business man." (He was, in fact, one of the first men to come from the world of business to head a major college.) After that, I think, he resolved (perhaps subconsciously) that he would "talk like a professor." This was unfortunate, for in extemporaneous speech, as in his letters, he expressed himself simply and vigorously.

He had been president since 1916, with time out for war service under Newton D. Baker, one of his admirations, when I came to Dartmouth in 1923. I remember my surprise at a dinner in my first year when the Dartmouth librarian expressed regret that both members of the faculty and undergraduates saw so little of him. Of course, like most college presidents he was busy about money-raising (in this he was preeminently successful, although seldom, I believe, did he ask a potential donor outright) and in talking to the alumni. "Whatever do you say to your alumni?" President Lowell once asked him. "Why, I talk about education." The librarian's remark surprised me for even though I had been there less than a year I had been impressed by the warmth of admiration and affection expressed by both students and members of the faculty—even by those who had, I knew, as little contact with him as I.

The point is that he had the rare faculty of establishing, despite his reserve, an immediate personal relationship with one. He had come to Dartmouth after six years of personnel work with Western Electric, Filene's Department Store in Boston, the Curtis Publishing Company, and New England Telephone. For this he was preeminently fitted, for he possessed a sixth sense about people. Of course, he was not infallible in his appraisals of them, but his intuition seldom led him astray: when it did it was from a generous impulsiveness rather than from a lack of judgment. A striking example of this sixth sense I happened on years later in a memo in the files of the Dean of the Faculty. Dean Bill had recommended a senior for an important assistantship. The president's note expressed doubt as to the advisability of taking a man fresh out of college; and went on to say: "What about John Dickey, '29—do you know him?" Yet, President Dickey has told me—he was still in the Harvard Law School, I think, at the time of this memo—he had seen Mr. Hopkins only once or twice in his entire college career and then only briefly. The important role Mr. Hopkins played in the choice of his successor is quite clear.

Although he was all too frequently absent from Hanover, one felt, nevertheless, the pervasiveness of his influence; in fact his frequent absence was paradoxically a mark of his influence: he trusted his faculty and his students; one was not being watched. The result was a complete freedom from inhibition in the classroom. The Freshman English course, for instance,

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made use in the twenties of a collection of "Essays toward Truth" compiled by three of the staff, which consisted of highly controversial and often quite opposite views on a variety of subjects, with the aim of stimulating untrammeled discussion among students who often came from very conventional and unsophisticated homes. One cannot, of course, adequately teach Shakespeare without shocking someone's sensibilities or preconceived ideas.

Controversial speakers were invited to the campus; more important, the choice of these speakers was generally left to various student organizations. Raymond Robbins came, with his intimate glimpses of Lenin and Trotsky after the "Ten Days that Shook the World." Bertrand Russell came, although forbidden to speak on other campuses; his wife Dora filled Webster Hall with a talk on sex. Scott Nearing told Mr. Hopkins that he was the first college president to have shaken his hand in years. Mr. Hopkins himself introduced his good friend Alexander Meiklejohn, who had recently been ousted from the presidency of Amherst.

Meiklejohn and Hopkins were an interesting contrast. Meiklejohn was the academic, the theorist, the intellectual; Hopkins the man of affairs. The one was the man who played tennis, the other the man who played golf; in temperament Meiklejohn was like a nimble terrier, Hopkins like the ranging Scotch deerhound he once owned. Meiklejohn was a master of incisive Socratic dialectic; Hopkins more earthy and pragmatic. Meiklejohn, during his brief term as president of Amherst (to say nothing of his later years in various positions) exercised an extraordinary influence, of which the number of his "boys" still teaching on college faculties throughout the country is a reflection. Hopkins' influence was more diffuse; he left it to others (his faculty, men like John Mecklin, for instance, whom he brought to Dartmouth after harrowing experiences at Lafayette and Pittsburgh) to stimulate intellectual activity. Meiklejohn was ousted from Amherst. Hopkins, by virtue of his experience among men of business and also by virtue of his personality, was able to weather attacks from critics of his administration.

Continuity in the administration of an institution of learning is of great value in consolidating its influence. President Lowell at Harvard carried on and reinforced the tradition of academic freedom passed on to him by his predecessors over a century, notably by President Eliot. Mr. Hopkins inherited the intellectual tolerance and adventurousness of Dr. William Jewett Tucker. Although Mr. Eliot one summer at Southwest Harbor delivered a severe lecture on the "undemocratic" nature of the Selective Process of Admission introduced by his Manset neighbor (a process, incidentally, since adopted or adapted by most of the private colleges of the country), the relations of Eliot and Hopkins were friendly. The relationship of Hopkins and Mr. Eliot's successor was characterized by mutual admiration, respect and warm friendship. And in the reaction and hysteria of the 1920's these two men brought to the valiant defense of academic freedom not only the force of their personalities but the authority of two institutions older than the Republic.

Perhaps the most sensational episode of these somewhat frenetic twenties at Dartmouth was the speech given by the Communist William Z. Foster at the invitation of the student Round Table. Edward Lamb, who as an undergraduate was responsible for Foster's entertainment, has given an account of this affair in *No Lamb for Slaughter*. Foster delivered a talk on "The Left Wing of the American Labor Movement," mainly an account of his leadership in the recent steel strike. The talk was shrewdly designed to allay the apprehensions of the timid: he emphasized his native Americanism in his pronunciation of his birthplace, "Ta'nton, Massachusetts." Yet there could be little disagreement with the sententious remark of a member of the faculty that Foster was scarcely a liberal.

The comments of the *Chicago Tribune* and of many of the alumni were much more colorful: it was these that evoked Mr.

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Hopkins' statement that he would invite Lenin and Trotsky to speak at Dartmouth if they were available, a statement that made headlines all over the country. More important perhaps were the liberal policy of promotion and tenure for the faculty that early in his administration Mr. Hopkins had put through the Board of Trustees, and his general encouragement of intellectual curiosity—the Jeffersonian fearlessness of ideas the headlined statement reflects.

During the twenties my relations with him were limited and incidental: an exchange of views, on the baneful effects of prohibition, for instance; and a few small social occasions at his house in which the tone set by Mr. Hopkins and his wife was easy and informal. In the thirties our contacts became more frequent.

This was partly because in the latter part of that decade committee assignments brought me more often to his office, but mainly because we were both incurably political animals and the politics of that period became increasingly intense. In the days before World War I we had both been Bull Moosers. It was just a few years ago that we were recalling those days at a luncheon where we were guests along with Robert Frost, who had just returned from his visit to the Soviet Union and his talk with Khrushchev. That Grover Cleveland (but also Kennedy) Democrat listened with amusement as we recounted our enthusiasm for T.R. Suddenly we discovered that we had both been present at a rally in the Boston Arena in 1912—in fact E.M.H. had climbed up on the platform where T.R. was about to speak. I was then an undergraduate, but E.M.H. was a young businessman. As such it required more courage to be for Roosevelt. ("Don't walk with me," T.R. had called out in his falsetto voice across the street to Dean Briggs as they were both walking down to the Porcellian Club in Cambridge shortly after he had thrown his hat in the ring, "don't walk with me, you'll lose your standing!")

We both called ourselves independent Republicans, although I was more independent than Republican. Mr. Hopkins was an admirer of Woodrow Wilson as well as of Baker; if Baker had ever been a Presidential candidate I think he would have voted for him. But I'm sure he voted for Hoover in 1928, even though Henry B. Thayer, Chairman of the Board of American Telephone and Telegraph, startled him and the other Dartmouth trustees by expressing a preference for Smith over Hoover on the ground that Smith was a master of people, more important for a President than to be a master of materials.

After the 1929 debacle and the deepening of the depression Mr. Hopkins' neighbor and friend, Adelbert Ames, approached his Wall Street friends who were high in the councils of the Republican party with a view to promoting the Dartmouth president as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Nothing came of this and on election morning in 1932 E.M.H. met Mr. Ames in the Corner Bookstore in Hanover. "Well, Mr. Politician," he said, "I've thrown a wrench into your machinations. I've just voted for Franklin Roosevelt."

Mr. Hopkins never became a convert to Keynesian economics. As time went on he became more and more disturbed about the fiscal policies—or lack of them—of the New Deal and about what the increasing centralization of affairs in Washington might do to the private colleges. Consequently in 1936 he came out for Landon with an article in the *Atlantic*. On election night he listened to the returns with a few friends, among them Professor James P. Richardson of the political science department. In 1927 Richardson had aroused the ire of many alumni by writing a letter to Governor Fuller in which he, albeit reluctantly, quoted the remark Judge Thayer had made to him about those "anarchistic bastards," Sacco and Vanzetti. One alumnus had offered a substantial sum to the college if Richardson were fired. Mr. Hopkins reported the offer to his friend: "I'll take him up," he said, "and we'll split the money between us." Richardson was not amused. Neither was he amused on this evening. As the vote for

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Roosevelt mounted, his face grew longer and longer. Finally he turned to the president: "Hop, it looks to me as if your article didn't do a goddam bit of good."

Sometime a sober historian will supplement the rollicking caricature of these years drawn by the late Senator McCarthy. The picture so far as the colleges are concerned will not be without its comic components: it will contain somewhere a portrait of a charming young girl seriously but naïvely discussing "historical materialism" and the "dialectic"; of an ebullient youth crossing a college campus wearing a flaming red blazer, with a copy of the *Daily Worker* under his arm; of the slim intense son of a stock broker, gone broke in the depression, leading a Marxist study group. As to Marx my own education in college had been limited to the *Communist Manifesto,* so that when a group of young radicals asked me to organize a seminar to read *Das Kapital* I blithely consented. A junior—he later became a writer on the staff of *Fortune*—made a brilliant analysis of several chapters until the project palled; a young member of the political science department, I recall, suggested that the views of Karl Mannheim had greater relevance to our contemporary situation.

The American Student Union and the American League Against War and Fascism organized peace strikes and meetings on all sorts of issues. It later appeared that there was a cell of the Young Communist League on the campus, although I knew only one student at this time who openly avowed membership in the Communist Party. Nevertheless the A.S.U. and the American League, of which I was the local chairman, were manifestly Communist fronts. It should be said that most of the "fellow-travelers" were essentially either dissenters, good Jeffersonian democrats, or philosophical anarchists rather than Communists: in the remote contingency of a Communist revolution they would have been among the first to face a firing squad.

Although in retrospect the era had its comic aspects there was a more somber side. One evening in 1935 Alexandra Tolstoi spoke in Dartmouth Hall and was heckled by two strangers with foreign accents. (She told me later that evening as we sat around a table with tall glasses of Russian tea in our hands that this was a regular occurrence wherever she spoke.) A night or two later Dartmouth Hall was gutted by fire for the third time since 1784. Rumors spread throughout the community: was this the work of the two strangers? or of an unbalanced student of either the right or the left? It eventually developed that the fire had been set by a pyromaniac who was withdrawn from college for psychiatric treatment. But meanwhile for several weeks the atmosphere in the town was electric.

Mr. Hopkins remained outwardly calm but his tolerance was put to a severe test, especially so as he was keenly aware of the paradox that the rights guaranteed by the First Amendment were exploited to the hilt by those who would deny them if they came into power. Yet the policy of open discussion was stoutly maintained, despite the fact that pressure to muzzle it from frightened parents and disturbed alumni must have been greater than in the twenties. His sense of humor and his belief in the democratic values did not falter, whatever the pressure. Some years later I proposed to him that he be a charter member of an organization I contemplated launching—the Sons of Witches. His qualifications, I pointed out, were much better than mine: his ancestress, Rebecca Nurse, had actually been hanged for witchcraft, whereas mine, I ruefully admitted, was tried but acquitted. "Yes," he said with a smile, "yours was only a fellow-traveler."

It was inevitable that *The Dartmouth*—"America's oldest college newspaper," as it liked to call itself—during these years should engage in crusades that, equally inevitably, could be acutely embarrassing to the college. Of course, Mr. Hopkins could have cut the Gordian knot of this problem, not by suppressing the paper (which would have been difficult to do, since it had an independent corporate entity) but by expelling the editors. This would have gone against his grain. He met each critical situation coolly, on occasion sitting

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down to talk with the editor, but seldom unless the editor requested an interview.

I happened to be in his office one morning—this was in 1935, Budd Schulberg was then the editor—after *The Dartmouth* had come to the defense of striking granite workers in the Rutland, Vermont, quarries belonging to the Proctor family. Mr. Hopkins picked up the paper and remarked ruefully that for some time the college had been working on the Proctors for a substantial gift. "We'll have to lay off that project now, I guess," he said, and recited with wry amusement other occasions when *The Dartmouth* had spiked the wheels. He tossed the paper onto his desk. "But we've lived with and shall keep on living with it." Censorship was unthinkable, for once the college exercised a veto it would be held officially responsible for every view the student editors expressed.

With the purges in the Soviet Union and with the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939 radical agitation on college campuses waned, to be succeeded by a wave of neutrality in the days of the "phoney" war. It was Mr. Hopkins' conviction, as well as that of most of the faculty, that sooner or later the United States would have to stand up to the Nazi menace. The editor of *The Dartmouth* stoutly upheld a neutralist, not to say, a pacifist position. Again Mr. Hopkins kept hands off. Not many years later the editor, then in the O.S.S., parachuted into occupied France; after the war he returned to Dartmouth as an instructor and one day asked E.M.H. why he had not been fired from college. Mr. Hopkins merely smiled. Today he is a trustee of the college.

During these years, partly because of a period of ill health, Mr. Hopkins had moods of disillusionment about the cause of liberal education to which he had devoted his life. Was the college too sheltered in a world that put a premium on action, too often violent action? Was the American undergraduate too pleasure-loving, too undisciplined, by contrast, for example, with Fascist and Communist youth? He often spoke wistfully of the Chinese students of the famous "long march" into the interior. When Leopold of Belgium surrendered to the Nazis, he said, with a touch of bitterness: "He must have gone to a liberal college." Like many other people, as their years advance, he would sometimes refer to the softness of the younger generation, recalling his year as a timekeeper in a granite quarry to earn money in order to go to college, and the country lads, like Henry B. Thayer, who walked to and from college for their vacations.

An amusing instance of this mood occurred toward the end of this period when he persuaded the rather reluctant English department to invite his friend Clarence Buddington Kelland of "Scattergood Baines" fame for a week or so of conferences with students interested in writing. Kelland had a breezy personality. Unlike Robert Frost, who "never dared be radical when young/For fear it would make me conservative when old," he had been a socialist in his youth—he made no bones about it—and he was sympathetic, but somewhat patronizing, to the young campus radicals. He had no false modesty about writing for money: his exchanges with students who had other ideals were brisk, blunt, and not without humor.

Many of my colleagues did not hesitate to express their disapproval of what seemed to them an excessive emphasis on commercialism and Philistinism. Mr. Hopkins lost patience. Was the English department too addicted to "coterie" literature at the expense of that which dealt with the "domain of common life"? Had the luxurious quarters of Sanborn House, which had been procured for the members of the department through his effort, inclined them to the recondite and the effete? I suspect that the decline of Rome, or at least the decadence of the nineties, was not far from his thoughts.

All this was a minor flurry and his mood of disillusionment quickly passed. Indeed I can almost date its passing. For I remember the stag dinner that Mr. Hopkins gave in honor of "Bud" Kelland on that May night in 1940. The sun had gone down, the spacious living room, shadowed by the trees outside, was already dark, the lights not yet turned on. In the remembered

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darkness the other figures are dim, but I can see clearly Mr. Hopkins' figure as he came into the room where we were sipping our cocktails. He had been listening to a news broadcast in another room and excitement shone in his face: Chamberlain had just resigned and Winston Churchill was now Prime Minister of England. The moment's silence was broken by Kelland's positive and disapproving voice: "Now there'll be adventures."

Mr. Hopkins was too courteous to express disagreement, but he welcomed the adventures. Kelland shortly departed to take up, as a Republican National Committeeman from Arizona, the cause of Fortress America. His host was shortly to play an important part in William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Despite a shrewdly realistic view of human nature, he was a born hero-worshiper. Some of his critics said, indeed, that he was unduly impressed by men of great wealth. This was unjust, for although, by virtue of his position, he was constantly thrown with leaders of the American plutocracy and admired many of them, he was as acutely aware of their limitations as of their virtues, as he was also aware of the limitations of the academic and theoretical mind. The man who most profoundly influenced his life was President Tucker, whose memory he never ceased to venerate. I have already mentioned his admiration for such different people as T.R. and Newton Baker. Although, rather curiously, I cannot recall that he and I ever later mentioned Winston Churchill in conversation other than casually, I am sure that he, as well as I, recognized in him the greatest statesman of our time.

So I suspect that it was approximately at the moment when Churchill assumed the dynamic leadership of the Western world that Mr. Hopkins—he would be sixty-five in 1942 and would already have served as president for twenty-five years—resolved to see the college through the emergency, ill health or no. In fact, in the following strenuous years he brought renewed vigor and imagination to the crowding problems of the college; not only that, but he assumed important responsibilities in Washington. Then, in 1945, he turned over to his successor the administration of the college.

I have alluded only casually in these impressions to the service rendered by Mr. Hopkins to the nation, and I have not mentioned the calls that came to him to head other institutions. These matters will doubtless be recorded by some future chronicler of the role of the liberal arts college in American life. His own pronouncements on this and other themes can be found in the collection of his addresses, *This Our Purpose,* published in 1950.

But I may mention one phase of his controversial career: his skepticism of the emphasis on the Ph.D. for teachers. He raised this issue in an editorial in 1906 in the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine,* of which he was the editor at the time. The effect of this emphasis on the Ph.D., he wrote, was to make prospective teachers "largely interested in the acquisition of knowledge rather than its dissemination." This view was naturally challenged—indeed at once by Professor Sidney Fay of the Dartmouth faculty. But the young editor stuck to his guns: three years later with the statement that "the increase of intellectual acumen in modern training ought not to be so often accompanied by atrophy of the bowels of compassion," and the expression of the hope that in time requirements for the degree would be broadened, or a "new degree devised requiring a like amount of work but of different scope."

He was in a minority among academic circles. But some years before William James had attacked "the Doctor-Monopoly in teaching" as in reality "but a sham, a bauble, a dodge, whereby to decorate the catalogues of schools and colleges." And on this point Mr. Hopkins and Alexander Meiklejohn were in essential agreement: Meiklejohn, with a strictly academic background, was pursuing at Amherst the Socratic goal of making men think before attempting to add to the accumulation of knowledge.

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The purpose of the American college with its millions of students, Mr. Hopkins thought, was something quite different from that of the European university, with its specialized training offered to a limited elite. It was precisely this difference that impressed Perry Miller of Harvard after a year at the University of Leiden. He returned with the conviction that we could take pride in what our colleges had achieved. Writing in the *Atlantic* for March, 1951, he observed that the American student might leave the campus still vulgar and uninformed but never with the idea that learning was apart from life.

I shall always remember what Mr. Hopkins wrote me in reply to my request for my first sabbatical. I had said that I hoped to spend it in reading, writing, and working in my farm woodlot. He was delighted, he said, with my purposes: what I proposed would be of infinitely more value for my teaching than spending hours in the musty stacks of libraries. Not, of course, that such hours might not be an appropriate prescription for another colleague. Nor was it that he did not himself have an insatiable intellectual curiosity, a thirst to be slaked by books as well as by experience. He was a voracious reader: a neighbor of his when he lived in the house on College Street once told me that night after night the light burned in Hopkins' study until one or two o'clock.

I remember, too, a committee meeting at which the appointment of a brilliant but somewhat idiosyncratic man to the department of philosophy was under consideration. When someone objected that he had not had "specialized training in philosophy" the president called the roll of Harvard's stellar philosophy department: Palmer had come to it from the classics; Royce and Santayana from literature; James from psychology. No narrow specialization there!

It is true that in his time Dartmouth was not noted for its productive scholars. It is true also that he was going against the current—which Sputnik changed into a torrent. But there are signs that the torrent needs a degree of stemming. More than one thoughtful commentator has warned against the deleterious effects on teaching of the plethora of research grants from the federal government and from the foundations. The recent restiveness of students from the Atlantic to the Pacific is perhaps another sign that too intensive specialization is eroding the ideal of a liberal education.

A distinguished historian once said to me: "Of course Hopkins was not an educator." It may be so. But he was a great person; an amateur, if you will, in the best sense of the word. His influence upon thousands of persons who came into contact with him directly and indirectly is, of course, intangible, immeasurable. He had the wisdom that is something more than mere knowledge. He used to suggest that it was not a mere waste of time for a boy in college "to lie in the sun." One of his traits, which along with his mental alertness endured until his death in his eighty-seventh year, was a controlled ebullience, a quiet gaiety. A favorite quotation of his was from Stevenson's "The Lantern Bearers": "He who misses the joy misses all." And in a letter he sent me in the last full summer of his life he wrote: "Robert Frost once said to me, 'I hear so many college presidents bewailing their sad lots! You like it, don't you?' The answer of course was 'Yes.'" Frost, I am sure, never thought of himself as a teacher. Neither did Hopkins. Their views of life were too wide to concentrate upon pigeonholes. Nevertheless Hopkins, like Frost, was a great teacher.

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the way it is

Thoughts and Days

WALTER TELLER

The hook is there. One is always hooked —by temperament, circumstance, time-of-world; by person, or place, or memory, or thought—or by what cannot be sounded or reached, the unfathomableness of the day.

Four o'clock in the afternoon. Rain turns to sleet. Electricity flickers, you almost feel power lines tremble. Gray reflections of pinky brown trees, seen through darkening windows, pattern decaying snow. I light a fire in the fireplace. Listening to the flame is pleasant. Burning wood smells good. I watch it blaze and think of things, random pleasing things one would not tell a psychiatrist.

Thawy January. A deep-breathing day, charming, sweet-scented. The countryside beckons. I drive to the edge of the Delaware River, then turn north at Washington Crossing. Rounded headlands along the opposite shore loom romantically in a yellow blue sky. The scene is storied, almost European. On a wooded summit of now leafless trees Bowman's Tower rises. It commemorates the Battle of Trenton. Built of pointed stone, one hundred feet tall, and only thirty-five years old, it is one of the nation's finer examples of American medieval.

Driving on, I see farms lately planted to houses. Some of the new dwellings, not yet lived in, look sad. Others, only a few months old, appear undernourished and pale. Dentist-office green, landlord yellow, each one wired for more than it has got, they can never become a generation of valued little old houses. Neither history, association, nor color of time can make them feel beautiful because those who build do not aim to honor the landscape, nor pay homage to it with shapes. Spiritually broke, destitute of architecture, what the homogenized houses are saying is that artisans, artists and individualists are becoming proportionately fewer.

Steering westward at dusk, the western horizon, corner to corner, lights up in quince jelly colors. Fields smoothed over by frozen rain resemble small lakes—or would with a few sitting decoys on them.

Most densely populated of the states, also the most urbanized, New Jersey, it follows, breeds a great many hunters.

On his farm in Hunterdon County, near the Federal Twist, Dick Beckton cultivates game birds. His customers: hunters and gunners. There are, he says, many who go to the woods, not so much to hunt as to get away for a day. Rigged out and licensed they head for the hills, tramp about a little, then settle down to play cards. In midafternoon they turn up at the Beckton game farm where, as Dick puts it, they shoot themselves a couple of pheasants, that is, each hunter bags two. The day's work accomplished, they drive to the nearest bar to drink beer and display their trophies. Quite a lot of hunting, Dick says, is done in this way, and of course it makes sense. For

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mechanized man, seeking a lost tribal world, ritual becomes in its way experience and, I suppose, vice versa.

What one learns from the hagridden past is a rationalization of it. Memory distorts one's personal history. And the rest depends on description, on historians—their buoyancies, and their blues.

Having been abroad I am happy indeed to be home. It would be too bad to be missing this piece of weather. In my younger years a drifting snow made me restless. I felt called on to battle the elements. Now, however, I aim to act in accordance with what the day calls for. And so I am able to watch and take pleasure in wind and smoking cold white-and-gray snow.

During the night the snowfall ended, the wind dropped down. When morning came I arose to see snow spread out like a badly woven blanket, some thick lumpy spots, others thin, almost bare. Outside on this glittering cold clear day, the air very lovingly bites the ear. I am deeply thankful, one, for the snow, and two, that there is not more of it.

Dried weed stalks and stems of grasses rise up through snow-covered fields and their straw-colored beauty does not seem to me wasted but rather put to full use. Has Nature a way of wasting the beautiful? Or of seeing it?

The trivial helps reveal the sublime. It would be an unbearable world if there were only big things. The proportion of the world would be destroyed.

Sometimes the things one calls little are big, larger than they appear—or than one suspects. Sometimes, with the passing of years, they turn out to be enormous.

I like an amateur but not a rank one. I love an amateur so professional he throws away professionalism.

Why the determination to fail? Probably loyalty to the old man. He wants to be like his father.

One man's tenacity is another's masochism. Once I thought it good to endure all manner of trial, but now I think, should I?

January 23. A spring overture day, remarkably balmy, warm enough to wash windows outside. What visualizations stream through the mind. If St. Francis found them disturbing, I find them wholly enjoyable. Should a man lack the courage of his fantasies?

Visited Louis. Middle-aged, gifted with little schooling, his powers of judgment unimpaired by anything academic, he is dying of cancer. I took him a bottle of Irish whiskey, Gaelic usquebaugh, water of life. He smiled when he saw it, then felt his face, said he thought it was getting fuller, but it is getting thinner. He had other callers, including a couple who first crossed my wake years ago. They had been a fact—like ships that pass in the day. Some appear within signal distance. Others waft by dimly seen. Do you believe in ships that pass in the night? Psychological battle cries rose in my mind. Serene, confident, of a good cheer. Not the way it is, I said to myself, but the way I would like it to be. Then this one: the end of the end. How much clearer is the end of an end than the beginning of it.

Questions, especially those frequently asked, can make you feel lonely. Questions to be endured more than answered. It makes a man lonely to hear himself repeating the same old words in reply. A question asked out of noncomprehension effects a light-year or two of distance between the questioner and yourself.

February 3. It can take a lot of senselessness to make a day; a lot of wasted motion to make a life. When, looking around us, we ask, Who selected this dreck, who listened to middlemen of ideas, then it is time to get out of town. Because the answer is us.

Washington's Birthday. If a ten-year-old boy came to me and said, Father, I cannot tell a lie, I would wonder what ails the kid.

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More snow in our driveway than, it seems, anywhere else. Sun bright, air cold, grand February day.

Build a better boob trap or boutique and people will beat their way to it, even across drifted snow.

February 23. Days are lengthening. The blue of the night on the snow does not come until six.

Visited Louis and took him two loaves of rye. He likes good bread—used to bake bread himself. I was shocked when I saw him one month ago. Now he is much thinner, much more yellow, and somehow I am no longer shocked.

The thing I am wondering about my contemporaries is, how are they taking to middle age. Once you understand that life is tragic you celebrate and stay alive.

March 5. Days are lengthening. The fact, however, is less important than how you are feeling about it. Jury duty teaches that. Last week I was summoned to do my work as a citizen. When my number was drawn I became one of twelve marched to a courtroom to hear a case. A smashup. A man had been killed. Plaintiff dead, suit was brought by the widow and, you might say, by the plaintiff's ambulance-chasing lawyer. There were three defendants. Five days we listened to testimony, an impressive amount of it palpable lies. Citizenship, like virtue, can be boring, even incredible. Last night, about 7:45, after five hours locked in the jury room, where the few who understood the case tried to explain to those who did not, we reached compromise decisions. The judge, after hearing them, complimented us jurors, said he comments rarely on a verdict but that he thought we had managed a fair one in a difficult case. I, however, was dissatisfied—thought we had compromised too much—and perhaps every other juror was. All of us live in the circles, the divisions of society, we live in, but a jury is outside every man's circle. It encompasses more preconceptions than any one circle is likely to know. Jurors may be equal before the law, but twelve drawn by lot will form a class community. Class attitudes, standards, judgments, prevail. Class clichés become the realities. Mawkishness, the slob factor, is huge; the ego angle, tremendous. Some care very much about doing right by the case. Others remain class-righteous.

Among those who opened a way to decision was an earth-moving machinery operator, a heavy-laden fellow, age thirty-three. A man born to bulldoze, he later informed me, tells how the work is going by the way his seat feels. He senses what the blade is doing not through hands, arms or shoulders, but in his legs, buttocks and thighs. When I praised his work in the jury room, he said that as the fourth hour passed he began to get the feel of the situation in his specialized area of sensitivity. From then on he knew the job would level all right.

In the Memory Bind. Days are lengthening. But just the same this one is raw-edged and chilling. I awoke slowly, feeling memories running and washing along already eroded grooves. Some men, growing older, recall very little. They travel light. But the man who recalls voluminously—can't help it—his memories accumulate with the years and at times become quite a burden. When you tell a rememberer to forget it, he does not forget but remembers he should. When you say remember to a forgetter, he does not remember, and you are wasting your time.

"I have been trying to write about uncertain natures," she said, "and seem to have got myself all involved. Should I go? Should I stay? Is Here or There the place to catch up with that Force which is going through one of its maddening phases?" She made a fine study, as young, rich and pale, standing and saying good-night, she moved around in her jewelry.

Early March and beautiful morning. You feel the gathering thrust of spring. Spring comes and some men hear the sap rising. Others will pelt the new season with beer

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cans. Delivered a bedside table for Louis. He no longer is able to leave his bed.

After supper Alston and Beulah dropped in, no phoning ahead. They came by and knocked at the door—about eight. I was washing dishes. There is a pants-down difference between a knock on the door and the ring of the telephone bell. One responds with a different kinesthesia. The pleasures of impulse visiting, given and gotten—visiting, that is, without first hedging by phone—become increasingly rare. Another rare thing: homemade and handcrafted pie. One happened to be on hand. So we spent the evening sitting around, eating pie, drinking coffee, and talking.

As I haul into the gas station, Al, the gray-haired alert friend-of-man, sounds his usual hail, "Hello, Wawl-der." He is glad to see me, so truly glad I almost regret my car is economical. Through steel-rimmed smudged glasses he gives me a wholesome, one might say, a gracious look. "Hello, Al," I say. I notice a sparkling clean automobile, catbird gray, standing off to one side. "Nice looking car," I say.

"That one belongs to the car wash fellow," Al says. "It's new. He had it only three days when a lady ran into him. After she went through a stop sign and clobbered him good she said to him, 'Didn't you see me?' I pitied him. The car was laid up for a month while they sent for parts. Just got it back."

"Hard lines," I say.

"Yes it is, Wawl-der. That's how we do in America. It's wonderful when you think what we do, wonderful. You can drive into any state and no one will stop you. Wonderful, Wawl-der, wonderful."

When I think of what, according to historians, happened in history, wars I have read of, wars of my lifetime, I come to the same conclusion. Wonderful. Wonderful time and place of world to be born to. Song of the Interstate Highway: Wonderful. Wonderful how when planes are flying you can almost see the bombs dropping. And when you pull down on paper toweling you see timber fall, even hear it crash.

A spring-scented day, and grass is busy. Rocks, in their slower way, are deeply busy. Busy hour in the Meetinghouse—a memorial service for Louis. The hour of reverence for the dead helps re-create the living. Life is short, it platitudinizes. Stick to your guns. Follow personal vision. Rise and fall with the tides. Sing Bach cantatas. Don't beat the half beat—take it slower. And find sensual experience in every day.

Later, outside on the Meetinghouse grounds, I run onto a painter. "Out gathering material?" he asks. "Material in the Spirit," I say. "I try to keep my finger in that pie too," he says. "I am always looking. I try to see things I haven't seen before. What do I see about you?" He squints at my jacket, arcs a thumb toward it, and looking like a small-town storekeeper about to overcharge you, says, "The way that sleeve folds, and the way the lines of the cloth jag into it."

March 9. What happened, he said, was that the bank foreclosed on the building. To protect the stockholders, he had stolen everything from the business beforehand—chairs, tables, files, *et cetera*. I said I was sorry to hear the bad news but glad to see him looking well. "Yes, now that I've become a criminal I am feeling much better," he said. "If anyone asks why I failed, tell them, undercapitalized and oversexed."

March 19. A remarkable onion snow fell last night. When morning came I awoke to a windless snow-stashed world. A loose, heavy, wet, twig-and-branch clinging snow had fallen, two or three beautiful inches of stuff—but not to remain. By eight o'clock it was fading fast, melting by ten, and by noon greening grass ground showed through.

Six o'clock. The antiques shop lady comes walking by with her dog. I call out, invite her in for a drink. She accepts. She says Sunday is her loneliest day, shop closed and that means only the dog to talk to. Six o'clock, she says, is her loneliest hour. Many evenings she goes to bed at six, then gets up at one or two in the morning

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and eats. She watches TV, reads and types until daybreak, goes back to bed, then rises in time to open the shop at ten. Six o'clock is the loneliest hour regardless, I'm thinking, but do not feel called on to say it.

March 20. Economical, yes, but still it wants gas. I haul into Al's filling station, wheel the car over the hose. A bell rings. Al, looking greasy and fit, comes out wiping his hands on a rag. "Hello, Wawl-der," he calls as he strides toward the pumps. He really knows how to meet the public. I tell him so. "We have a lot of fine people coming here, Wawl-der," he says. "Most of them are awfully fine people. Of course there are always a few who aren't. When we get one of that kind I tell the boys just give him his gas, clean his windshield and let him get out of here as soon as possible. Don't argue with him." Al looks down at his uniform with his name embroidered on it. Filthy. "Laundryman doesn't come until tomorrow," he says. "About an hour ago a fellow said to me, Don't lean that crummy suit against my car. I'll try not to, I said. You better not, he said. I never pay attention to that kind," Al continues. "Probably the guy had a fight with his wife this morning." Why wife? I suppose because wife is shorthand. Maybe for something like this: I cannot imagine someone so bottled up that his ego will not find a form in which to come out.

The reason it often is disappointing to meet the creator of work you like is that while in art the pain must not show, it frequently shows in the artist.

Up to and including the present stage, I have been able to hold onto only one guiding principle concerning art, and that is organization by the artist. Something intentional is required. Forms on which no man has worked may be very beautiful, haunting, dramatic, but forms alone will not do. Until they have been organized by the artist, they are not art but only forms.

A new leaf, tight furled, appears in the Dieffenbachia, a foliar structure mysteriously rising.

March 21. Forty-five degrees, Vernal Equinox Day. Home is where you store your snow tires. Snowdrops continue in bloom. If when driving out to see what the day is up to, your mind is at work on commercial transactions, you will not see much. One sees in accord with preoccupation, not with eye alone, but with mood of heart.

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The Writer: Being and Doing

Or: Five Monday Nights from a Journal

HORTENSE CALISHER

Monday, the 1st

Never trust the private journal of a writer; give his confidence your sympathy and before you know it you may be standing in the middle of what is merely another work of art. No, these Monday nights here, after talking the stars into the skies with students, I want the fraternity of some dear colleague whose customary vehicle is not words—and as usual, I find myself with a painter, a habit since the age of thirteen, when, not daring to steal from the public library, I copied out great passages from the notebooks of Robert Henri. What a period piece we are back there, he and I—and perhaps now! For, remind myself as I will, I never buy that book, not fearing to find it less good, but mourning the decline of both situation and passion—in which a book is for stealing. Tonight, howsomever got, I have the journal of Delacroix, along with coffeepot, pound of coffee and immersion heater—all of which gear the university has so far overlooked my keeping on week-to-week in the room in the faculty lodge where they quarter me on these visits. Usually they give me the same room; at least the picture on the wall is the same—an original Eilshemius—and that's certainly my gear in the bottom of the closet, tucked back of the beautiful sliding door that doesn't slide. Elegant as the lodge is, it is motel-style, a long wing of rooms budded on one another—open the door of any, and pop, one is sucked into the beatific light of that roving public cell, the ultimate cellule of *alone*. Someday the room won't be the same—I'll know by the picture—but what if my gear *is* still there? For that terrible philosophic abyss, I hope to be ready. These solipsistic nights, another personality takes over, dropped on my head like a sack, the minute I enter. Suspended here, between the day's process of *being* a writer to all those young faces, and the faraway humbler apparatus of *doing* it at home in New York, I examine these alternatives in the muttering underhand of conscience. And I don't leave Delacroix here; I keep him in my bag.

Monday, the 2nd

Comments on the pitfalls and sublimes of art are not what I read him for these days, although his can shake one in those depths of gratitude always waiting for the kindred "ahoy" across the waters. "Style can result only from great research, and the fine brushing has got to stop when the touch is going well. I must try to see the big gouaches by Correggio at the Museum. I believe they were done with very small

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✪ HORTENSE CALISHER writes: "My mother came . . . from Oberelsbach to family already residents of Yorkville, the German community in New York. My father, old enough to be hers, was born in Richmond, Virginia, during the Civil War. They were middle-class German Jews. . . . There were thus many influences in the household. The combination was odd all round, volcanic to meditative to fruitfully dull, bound to produce someone interested in character, society and time." Miss Calisher's books include *False Entry, Textures of Life* and the recently published *The Railway Police and The Last Trolley Ride.*

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touches." It's the note of authority, underlaid with doubt, that one loves and shivers to. And these days I hunt it most where he scolds and scares himself for being in or out of his society. "I believe that seeing . . . people from time to time is not such a danger to work and the progress of the mind as it is claimed to be by many pretended artists; to consort with them is certainly more dangerous. . . . I must return to solitude. . . . How is one to retain one's enthusiasm about anything when one is at all times at the mercy of other people, and when one has constant need of their society?"

"Society" may have enlarged since his day, but the ins and outs of it for the artist are always much the same, no matter how stated. For Mann—the artist yearned to be loved by the bourgeois for those very differences that must be flaunted but made it impossible; to this he added that guilt, now almost traditional, of those who neglect "life" in order to record it. Whereas it seems to me that an artist may be bourgeois or revolutionary—the in-ness or outness merely shifts ground—and recording may be his treasure, not his burden. And each man, from ditchdigger to clerk, stands aside for some part of his day, from what each has agreed to call "life."

What I am rightly afraid of is those seductions—social, financial, even intellectual —which persuade me to speak like a writer, act like a writer, teach like a writer, even write like a writer, at the very moment when I am not being one. Once the public personality begins, however humbly—I think of it as a paper costume inside which one squirms like a child, mindful that rain melts, paper tears, but still rather proud of the accordian pleats on one's forehead—the problem is how to go about one's real business, assuming one knows what that is. Lately, I've concluded that there's less gap than one would think, between those who clench up on some island, and those who antick the public halls—each is a posture, and the expense of spirit, to say nothing of ego, is the shame. Here in America many still envy the European artist, whose role in society appears more fixed, and it is certainly true that under our curious freedom, where class roles are not admitted, one no sooner strikes a match than an attitude flames. Perhaps it's merely easier in one's own country to see how people play the fool. But surely, of all our artists, our writers seem least able to move without a sociological creaking. After all, America does have so much paper.

Monday, the 3rd

"Neither the ardent promises of your best friends, nor the offers of service by the powerful nor the interest a man of honor accords you ought to make you believe that there is anything in what they say, as to results."

If ever I hanker after a coterie I've only to imagine how it would have been to have been born into one—a Southerner say, or a true-blue baby daughter of the *Little Aorta Review*. That way one might manage it, the way one bears up to one's nose. Now and then one misses the support, of course, as of any uniform, but my thoughts no sooner go into committee than they want out again, like improperly trained dogs. Is it an oddity that those who don't scorn the influence cabals often look down on those who teach? Much needless worry has been expended over the possible destruction of writers by teaching. If a man is sucked into scholasticism, or silenced, it seems more likely that his stamina for that aloneness which should be part of his gifts has never been strong. Teaching is hard. But every man spends part of his life-energy away from his most personal work. Fashionably considered, the university is not a part of going "life" at all, as against the pursuit of homosexuality in Algiers, or strong drink in Connecticut. But I find it impossible to exclude from at least tentative reality any place where so many people are.

Nothing's been said on what the university can do for the writer, apart from boarding him. It should never be his atelier—that sort of thing practiced anywhere, at parties or on podiums, gets into the work well beyond its due. What he represents is a unique approach to literature—the artist's—and this is all he should teach. He

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can teach that there are no permanent rules, else literature would die, that the best work abides by the "form" only enough to leave it, that one observes the inner discipline of a book, watches how its ideas dance within the framework of its time; he is careful to lean lightly, if at all, on the personal life of the author, and in the presence of good or great work he never forgets to elaborate on the wonder of it—the best place to be lavish with detail. At first, it's tough to teach without the convenience of the small arbitraries; later, the very arbitrariness of the attitude itself stiffens the spine. The risks to the republic are obvious, which may be why even the braver universities prefer to keep only one of him at a time; the danger to him is that he may act like a poet instead of being one, which can happen anywhere.

Meanwhile, even in a sloppy age some of the young are severe enough to be made happy in the sight of a discipline going on somewhere, even if the pursuit of it is so strait that the instructor himself is often confused. In their society, and sometimes with colleagues, I nearly find out what I think, and that, aside from the human attraction of food, wine and sympathy, is what I ask of society. A university is a place where the currents of the intangible flow continuously, and are paid consistent honor. I must have such a contact in my life somewhere. I'll do the rest, on paper.

Monday, the 4th (for Delacroix a Monday, too, Sept. 13, 1852)

"Look here! Fool that you are, you get a sore throat from discussing with idiots, you go arguing with silliness in petticoats for a whole evening, and you do that about *God,* about the *justice of this world,* about *good* and *evil,* and on *progress.*"

As a petticoat myself, I note that too much of the podium turns a writer of our sex into either a *diseuse* or a scold—what it makes of the men is another story. As for parties, everybody knows about them, yet we can none of us get rid of a naïve hope that Parnassus is in session somewhere, perhaps *there.* And so it is, often with the nonperforming wives to serve at the stewpots. Ergo Mrs. Coo and Mrs. Glaze, whom I met there last evening.

I found Mrs. Glaze attending the status-pot. As the wife of a critic, she resembles those doctors' wives who are all but able to practice medicine themselves. Give her a push, and she is off. In one sentence she found Fitzgerald lightweight, mildly approved of Mr. Angus Wilson as a man who had entertained *her,* demolished Henry James as a family enemy, and was able to settle any contemporary by bringing in Tolstoi. Authors met in the flesh infuriate her. Secretly, she feels that an author loses caste by being met so—surely if he were anybody he would not be at the same party with Mr. and Mrs. Glaze. But as soon as met, it is her custom to dig like a truffle-hound to find out whom he knows. Woe betide him if he admits to acquaintance with any of her more eminent name-drops. Soon as he leaves the conversation, she hisses after him: "Snob!"

Mrs. Coo, usually younger, attends the malice-pot, with a zombie unawareness of why she wants me in the broth, although I know; at her age I was a nonperformer myself, luckily without entrée to such parties. She and her editor-mate have just made their home headquarters for a new magazine; the wastepaper problem is already such that now and then a tiny Coo is temporarily lost. "*You* have a book coming out too, haven't you?" she says. I nod, the hair meanwhile rising on my pelt. Her chin lifts like a gourmet's: I see just what roils behind her skinny, post-Radcliffe eye. "Is it goo-ood?" she says.

But one should never be surprised by their arrogance; one forgets that they have always before them what looks to them like the spectacle of ours. I suppose *les artistes* picnic best backstage in house slippers, where, in the company of only the company, there's some chance it may be divine. And even there—how many Coleridges are best left in Xanadu! Mrs. Glaze is right, really. Authors should not be met.

Monday, the 5th

The worst has happened here. My room has been changed, and the gear in the

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closet is *not* missing. If it were only that, I could postulate the maid. But I should have known there'd be some variation I hadn't imagined. Room, Eilshemius, gear hidden in the corner, all exactly the same as was—only the number on the door has been changed. Life is a movable feast then, a tour in a post chaise, but who's to be considered as moving, it or you? The answer is —quick over the abyss, and be damned to being. Start *doing*. Postulate a book.

Or a story. Think for instance of yesterday morning at the hairdresser's, when the voice came murmuring from behind some bead curtain of femininity, "*Sure* you know Pearl, sure you know her. Dirty-mouth Pearl?" A girl with fine potentialities, Pearl. Or remember going to the dairy farm all that Iowa winter, how the rainbows squeaked in the snow as the car stopped at the milk house, opposite the barn loft where the redbone coonhound sat watching. You thought his rightful name a farmer's joke, and were told his breed never made house dogs, yet all that winter you yearned to have one of him, to take back to New York—and still yearn. Reflect now. Could it be that you want not so much to have him as to be him, that red king of the hayloft, looking down? Start the real story.

". . . an invitation to dine with the Duc de Montpensier. Fatigued. In the evening fatigue and frightful humor; I stayed home. As a matter of fact, I am not sufficiently grateful for what Heaven does for me. In these moments of fatigue I think that everything is lost. . . . Got a good night's rest. Went back to my studio; it put me into a good humor."

That's it—the only way to cure the pains of the private journal, and the proper place to end it. Trust us there, where we begin to trust ourselves.

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REAPPRAISALS

Time, Doubt and Vision

Notes on Emerson and T. S. Eliot

JOHN CLENDENNING

No one reading the poems of T. S. Eliot, particularly the early poems, would deny that they were influenced by the society around Boston and Cambridge. Suffocated by its provincialism, amused by its postures of sophistication, Eliot created a world inspired by the Boston *Evening Transcript,* peopled it with Cousin Harriet, Aunt Helen and Miss Nancy Ellicott, with the mythical Mrs. Phlaccus and Professor Channing-Cheetah at whose *soirées* Mr. Apollinax, the visiting professor from Europe, is entertained. This too is the world of J. Alfred Prufrock who sits suffering at his host's table not daring to eat a peach for fear, perhaps, of squirting its juice into someone's lap, but who also impotently yearns to squeeze "the universe into a ball/ To roll it toward some overwhelming question . . ."

All this is familiar enough, but one might add that the fact, if somewhat less terrifying, was scarcely less ludicrous than the fiction. The literati of Boston and Cambridge, near the turn of the century and before the first war, often found themselves lavishly feasted and flattered in the home of some prominent lady, women like Mrs. Jack Gardner and Mrs. Molly Dorr. There a Harvard professor might read parts of his new book; there one might hear easy quips issuing from the mouth of William James or thundering erudition from the massive head of Josiah Royce. John Jay Chapman has given a penetrating account of Mrs. Dorr. "She lived," Chapman reports, "in the heart-secrets of others. She had been one of the original transcendentalists, a friend of Emerson and Margaret Fuller. She gave large dinners and caused her guests to change places in the middle of the meal, called all women by their first names and all men by their last names." Chapman adds that someone once said "that if the Virgin Mary should come to Boston, Molly Dorr would drop in at the Bell household and say . . . 'Helen, dine with me tomorrow. *Mary'll be there!*'"

The readers of the *Boston Evening Transcript*
Sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn.

To find this in Eliot is to be reminded of Emerson's famous sentence: "I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons." And this is also to be reminded of Christopher Cranch's apt caricature, depicting Emerson's cheerful face swelling in an ear of corn and globed melon. I cannot resist adding that a well-known Iowa poet has given one of his volumes the daring title, *Corn,* and that Mr. Douglas of Illinois is the major sponsor of a Senate resolution that would make the corn tassel our national flower. And why not? What better symbol could be offered of America's in-

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nocence, its fecundity, its uniqueness, its isolation? I am struck by the possibility that America's main contribution to the world has been its corn. Swaying, but seldom buffeted, seldom broken, always expanding in the warm day, the readers of Emerson and the Boston *Evening Transcript* are almost perfectly described as a field of ripe corn. Cousin Nancy, we are told, strode and rode over the New England hills; she smoked and danced, and although "her aunts were not quite sure how they felt about it, . . . they knew that it was modern."

> Upon the glazen shelves kept watch
> Matthew and Waldo, guardians of the faith.
> The army of unalterable law.

In these pages I shall consider several questions concerning the relationship between the thought of T. S. Eliot and that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Most critics imply that there is nothing positive to say on the subject. F. O. Matthiessen discussed the matter seriously, but finished by denying that Eliot was "directly indebted" to Emerson or his contemporaries. Of course one must recognize that Eliot found certain aspects of Emerson laughable, but the matter is not so simple. We must not fail to see that they both devoted their lives to the search for answers to the same persisting questions of the deepest religious and metaphysical importance: the meaning of human experience and the possibility of knowledge. Although Eliot was never to become Emerson's disciple, they shared a similar concept of time, an insistence on the necessity of skepticism, and a religion based on faith as opposed to reason.

The year 1919 was important in the career of T. S. Eliot, as in the history of European and American civilization. The broad significance of that year has been made permanently clear by John Dos Passos in the title of his second novel in the *U.S.A.* trilogy. For Eliot it was a year of tremendous poetic and critical achievement. The number of his contributions to periodicals during 1919 nearly doubled that of any year immediately preceding or following it. In June, the Hogarth Press published his second book of verse, and during the autumn, the *Egoist* printed, in two parts, the celebrated and highly influential essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent." Less spectacular, but still of extraordinary interest, are his many reviews published in the *Athenaeum,* reviews that go far beyond one's expectations into a realm of critical theory. Here Eliot, still a young man and nearly at the outset of his career, raised the fundamental questions concerning the nature of literature and criticism.

During this same year we find Eliot searching for his own American origins —the heritage of Boston society, of Puritanism, Unitarianism, Transcendentalism. In his first piece in the *Athenaeum,* a review of the second volume in the *Cambridge History of American Literature,* Eliot, commenting on the relationship between Hawthorne and Emerson, wrote: "Hawthorne was very much a New Englander, but he was not really a member of the Transcendentalist group which clustered round Emerson." Agreeing with John Erskine, Eliot observed that Hawthorne embodied the philosophical questioning to which the Transcendentalists paid lip service. "Neither Emerson nor any of the others," Eliot added, "was a real observer of the moral life. Hawthorne was, and was a realist." The ability to see life firmly and coldly gives Hawthorne's work the solidity and permanence of art. Of Emerson, however, Eliot could only conclude with a now frequently quoted phrase: "The essays of Emerson are already an encumbrance." The statement is explored no further, but the complexities of the Boston literary tradition are submitted to an interesting scrutiny. Compared with their English contemporaries, Eliot insisted, American writers of the nineteenth century were products of a starved environment, a sterile tradition; deprived of an *intelligentsia,* they resorted to *originality,* a quality that might make them more immediately exciting, more refreshing, more shocking than their opposite numbers in England, but which in the long run suffered from a world too thin, incorrupt,

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secondhand and shallow. If these remarks show that Eliot was well on the way toward his distinction between tradition and individual talent, they suggest further that his dissatisfaction with American literature grew out of his belief that great art is possible only through a reverence for the past and a conscious suppression of originality. Hawthorne, Emerson and the rest drew little from the soil of American life that could nourish a lasting greatness. Products of a shallow tradition, American letters are superficial; lacking corruption, the intuition of evil, American writers, only seemingly original and self-dependent, too often expound a pale optimism, see through a glass rosily. Reading such criticisms, we cannot fail to remember a stanza from "Sweeney Erect," also published in 1919, in the magazine *Art and Letters:*

> (The lengthened shadow of a man
> Is history, said Emerson
> Who had not seen the silhouette
> Of Sweeney straddled in the sun.)

This stanza refers to, even condemns with irony, two ideas that are fundamental in Emerson's thought, both of which are expressed with greatest emphasis in the first two chapters of his *Essays* (First Series), "History" and "Self-Reliance"; these ideas are, first, his concept of the self in time, and second, his belief in the purity of human conscience. Emerson frequently insisted that there was no past at his back. By this he meant to deny that history is a study of fixed events standing, as it were, independently behind us in a block, that the past can ever be understood in detachment or with objectivity. He admired and repeated the famous example of Heraclitus: "You cannot bathe twice in the same river." The notion that time is a flowing stream of experiences, that any past moment is retrievable only through human memory—this notion he found repeatedly in Plutarch and Montaigne. It seemed to show that time is illusion: all time is present; and if one moment, at the next moment, is history, the succession itself is unreal, for the past, as a collection of objective events, is never present in any single moment. And further, since each moment is known only through human experience, our knowledge of the past is merely a vague recollection of those experiences. "All history," he said, "becomes subjective; in other words there is properly no history, only biography."

Emerson's application of this principle to the field of morals led him to his beliefs in self-trust and nonconformity: a man should conduct his life as if everything in experience were ephemeral except himself. The only good, Emerson believed, is self-reliance, obedience to conscience or the moral sentiments, and the only evil is violation of these sentiments. The difficulties involved in making conscience the basis of moral discrimination are complex, but they are not especially relevant to the present discussion. I cite only the well-used, if not well-worn, instance of Hitler's self-reliance, the implications of which are, to say the least, terrifying. This suggests what every reader of Emerson already knows, that his moral outlook was a consequence of his assumption that human nature is essentially pure, healthy and good.

From Eliot's viewpoint, then, Emerson had never seen the brute soul of Sweeney, had never known the reality of evil or examined the limitations of an uncritical humanism. One is not surprised, therefore, to find F. O. Matthiessen reporting that Eliot had privately expressed his long-standing distaste for Emerson. With little respect for traditions and institutions, Emerson was willing to deny history and to lift the originality of self-reliance to a point of religious consecration; with a conscience limited by its sweetness, he became the prophet of a pale moral optimism. But again from Eliot's viewpoint, Emerson's deficiencies were those of America. "The narrowness of the Boston horizon," to use another of Eliot's phrases, is reflected in the creatures of his early poems; Emerson is merely a revealing emblem of that narrowness. Along with Matthew Arnold, he guards the faith from his glassed-in bookcase; outwardly pristine and triumphant, inwardly he is dusty and confined. It is

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Emersonianism, then, not merely Emerson, that is the target of Eliot's criticism—Emersonianism as we find an instance of it in the world of Molly Dorr, at whose dinner parties the same spirit, provincial, ageless and pure, seemed inevitably to reign, where the innocence of bad manners might express one's habitual self-reliance, and where the Blessed Virgin was just one of the girls. For Eliot, such a world was mildly, not even profoundly, distasteful—overly sweet and slightly bitter:

> Of dowager Mrs. Phlaccus, and Professor and Mrs. Cheetah
> I remember a slice of lemon, and a bitten macaroon.

This might seem to close the matter of the relationship between Emerson and Eliot. Indeed on moral grounds, one could hardly cite more different views or more different poems than, for example, "May-Day" and "The Waste Land." In one we find:

> April cold with dropping rain
> Willows and lilacs brings again . . .

while in the other:

> April is the cruellest month, breeding
> Lilacs out of the dead land . . .

One is a pastoral celebration of God in nature; the other is a descent into an inferno of sterility and despair. But we should remember that this is basically a moral difference, a difference emphasized by Eliot's remark: "Neither Emerson nor any of the others was a real observer of the moral life."

There was another aspect of Emerson's outlook that Eliot readily admired. This was his tendency toward skepticism. In another piece printed by the *Athenaeum* in 1919, a review of *The Education of Henry Adams,* Eliot focused attention on what he called "the Boston doubt," a doubt that he believed to be a fundamental and unique characteristic of the American mind. Finding it admittedly difficult to explain this skepticism to an Anglo-European audience, Eliot chose Emerson as his example. He retold the story of Emerson's resignation from his pulpit, of his sermon on "The Lord's Supper" in which he announced his doubts about the validity and the usefulness of the sacrament, announced that he did not believe in it, that he was not interested in it and would not continue to administer it. Emphasizing the importance of these doubts, Eliot added: "That is an instance of the point of view of several thousands of well-bred people in a provincial American town; and, arrested at the point of ecclesiastical procedure, it is not without an austere grandeur."

This "Boston doubt" with its "austere grandeur" deserves a moment's consideration. We have already seen one of its aspects as it appears in Emerson's writings. In questioning the reality of time, he was proposing, and this he frequently repeated, that experience is so hopelessly divorced from reality that one can never answer with certainty the huge questions that faith presses upon us. Time, he readily admitted, is part of experience; indeed it is the necessary structure of experience—that is, necessarily limited and limiting. Our difficulty arises from the fact that time is never encountered as a continuous whole, but rather as an aggregate of successive moments. There is, in other words, no continuity of experience, no real duration. "We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles," he said in a fairly typical passage. "Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE." Like his Puritan forebears, and like most believers who lean toward mysticism, Emerson believed that God is infinitely incomprehensible. This God exists, Emerson would affirm, but He exists in a realm beyond ordinary experience, a timeless realm; consequently, we must question all philosophies, all dogmatisms that would seek to justify claims concerning God's existence and nature. Thus far, Emerson was a skeptic, and like the skeptics that he knew—principally Montaigne and Hume—he emphasized the futility and imprecision of language that attempts to explain or define the doctrines of faith.

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Words, he said, cannot span or define the dimensions of truth: "They break, chop, and impoverish it." His striking phrase, "the wise silence," suggests both his doubts of rational religions, such as Unitarianism, and his longing for the irrational vision of the mystic. In silent suspension of judgment he refused to engage in polemics concerning questions of faith, but with the wordless knowledge of religious insight he gave himself fully to "the eternal ONE." Like Saint Peter, Emerson felt himself called upon to take the absurd step onto the waters of faith. He willingly took that step, yet afterward found that experience, with its successions, divisions, parts and particles, was still unredeemed. Doubt returned, and accepting this, he could only await a renewal of insight. This is the central drama of Emerson's religious quest, the major theme of his writings, enacted and reenacted in nearly all of his essays.

We may recognize this theme clearly with a close reading of his mature and perhaps his finest poem, "Days." It concerns his lifelong desire to find permanent value in the day-to-day succession of experiences. Each day, he would often remark, offers richly all that a man could wish, but skeptics had taught him to doubt, to hesitate, taught him that the day is delusive, that there is no simple way of finding the riches behind the delusions. "What does this saying of some mean," asked his old gossip Montaigne, "that the heavens in growing old bow themselves down nearer towards us, and put us into an uncertainty even of hours and days?"

> Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
> Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
> And marching single in an endless file,
> Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
> To each they offer gifts after his will,
> Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

A persisting controversy has centered on the meaning of "hypocritic" in the first line. Joseph Jones, refusing to accept the obvious meaning of the word, argued that "Nature as a deceiver is quite out of tone with Emerson's fundamental thought . . ." This position fails to account for an important fact, that for Emerson it is not nature, but experience that deceives. Perfectly neutral in itself, nature became important for Emerson only when it entered consciousness, when it wore the colors of the human spirit. The "hypocritic Days" personify the succession of experience that continually blocks the poet's discovery of the permanent wholeness of reality. They are hypocrites or dissemblers because they are children of Time: the illusion of Time being the father of each doubtful moment or day in experience. It is further significant that the "Days" are "Daughters"; distinctly feminine, they are alluring, enticing, apparently offering boundless gifts, but muffled, hidden, virginal and dumb. An endless file of contradictions, the "Days" reveal only their exotic, but false appearances; they stir desire yet hide the means of fulfillment. This is not to say that a hoax is deliberately perpetrated; as children of Time, the "Days" cannot be otherwise, for temporal experience is an inevitable, but not a willful limitation. As Seymour L. Gross has read the poem, the "Days" offer the lowest and the highest of life's opportunities; "diadems" and "fagots," he has suggested, are metaphors for "glory" and "utility." We should recognize, however, that the gifts are not metaphors, but metonymies or literally examples of whatever mere experience offers. The "Days" deceive because they seem to offer, but cannot actually offer, reality itself. "Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky"—each has its own apparent and limited value. We have been seduced if we accept any of them, believing it to be real. Here the march of the "Days" is a mere pomp, a frenzied dance. Some will accept the useful fagots, the bread, or strive for kingdoms; others, desiring the richer gifts, will seek reality in diadems, in stars and sky. But regardless of the choice, experience still deceives. The utilitarian thinks he has grasped reality in his bundle of twigs; the idealist, reaching for the sky, gains only a glossy piece of metamorphic rock.

In the last five lines, the focus of the

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poem shifts from the "Days" to the persona and to his response to experience:

I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

The "pleachèd garden" symbolizes the poet's temperament, his reticence, his desire to give some practical order and meaning to the dumb succession. He does not, perhaps cannot, name his "morning wishes"; they are forgotten as he stands fascinated by the pomp, but still they are the only hint of a transcendent reality in the poem. His lost wish is to accept none of the gifts, but rather to fly beyond the limits of time. But instead of seeing the "Day" for what she is, he commits a hasty error; taking "a few herbs and apples," he is seduced. The lady's scorn, seen at the last moment, should have been recognized at first. Relatively his choice is a bad one, but absolutely it is no better or worse than any, for whatever he chooses, the poet is a victim of experience. The poem describes, then, a pathetic reenactment of the Fall of Man. Standing in his garden, the doubting Adam is reticent, forgetful, hasty—always at the wrong moments. Like his Biblical father, he too is beguiled by feminine charms, he too accepts the false gift, the apple, his "few herbs and apples." A much sadder story than Genesis or *Paradise Lost*, "Days" depicts that impotent creature, modern man, depicts the failure of his poetic and religious vision.

T. S. Eliot spoke to a different generation, to different issues, spoke with a much deeper tragic sense than we ever find in Emerson. Yet the "Boston doubt," to which Eliot was connected by family and by education, which he clearly recognized at the beginning of his career, was and remained his doubt. Once, discussing Pascal, he said: "For every man who thinks and lives by thought must have his own skepticism, that which stops at the question, that which ends in denial, or that which leads to faith and which is somehow integrated into the faith which transcends it." This sentence, I would submit, might equally describe the doubts and faith of Emerson or of T. S. Eliot himself.

"The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" suggests most clearly the similarities and differences between their views. Like Emerson's persona of "Days," Prufrock is also a modern antihero, one who retains a bit of the Romantic hero's stature; but mixed with a fundamental impotence, he is only half Prometheus, half prude. He is indeed crippled, yet not by any tragic encounter, rather by his own foolishness and that of his society. As Prufrock himself suggests, he is a kind of Charlie Chaplin playing Hamlet. Worried, reticent, forgetful, impulsive —again like the persona of "Days," he is troubled by unnamed longings, overwhelming questions, yet always retreats to a pleached garden of propriety:

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

Thus, Emerson's "herbs and apples" become Prufrock's "toast and tea." Nor can he escape the problem of time. "There will be time, there will be time," he cannot forget. If to the defective side of Prufrock time is merely the irresistible coming of old age, another side of him sees a succession of detached moments, filled with visions and revisions, each different, each unclear, yet requiring some ultimate act, some final confrontation:

There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate.

The phrase, "works and days," is usually identified as an allusion to Hesiod's famous poem, although apparently there is no similarity beyond this curious agreement in phrasing. But while it is not at all clear why Prufrock should, at this point, allude to Hesiod, there are excellent reasons why he might allude to Emerson, whose essay of the same title was published as the seventh chapter of *Society and Solitude* with, and this is the significant point, the poem "Days" as its preface. Eliot, it seems plausible to suggest, has chosen this phrase in order to underscore the fact that

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Prufrock is a latter-day Emersonian, one of "several thousands of well-bred people in a provincial American town" who has faced the "Boston doubt." But he is not Emerson himself. Indeed, Prufrock, quite unlike Emerson, has very definitely seen Sweeney's straddled silhouette: "For I have known them all already, known them all . . ." Important among the characteristics of Prufrock's moral vision is his loss of innocence; his world reveals no trace of the Garden of Eden. He has known, he has seen, and now he longs to return to "silent seas" where the dreadful knowledge vanishes. Here Prufrock's case is especially painful, for without the moral optimism that repeatedly saved Emerson from the tragic consequences of his skepticism, without that vigorous faith in the individual, Prufrock malingers. Take self-reliance from Emerson and you have a rather silly and very frightening view of life; you have Prufrock, the prophet, if at all, of self-obsession.

Time, doubt and vision—these are the foremost themes in nearly all of Eliot's major poems. Like Emerson, his concept of time was basically and self-consciously Heraclitean, characterized by its discontinuous succession. Divisions and particles of experience found symbolic expression through Eliot's poetry in his "heaps of broken images" of "The Waste Land," in the decayed house of "Gerontion," in the succession of rising and falling houses of "East Coker." Again like Emerson, Eliot's skepticism proceeded directly from this view of time. "History," he said, "has many cunning passages, contrived corridors"; its issues and deceptions end in the vanities of Ecclesiastes. A single moment of ecstasy might seem to illuminate these doubts, but this is only a "partial ecstasy," for in the flowing succession of time the vision becomes a mere "recollected passion." So God remains inscrutable and incomprehensible, a "word within a word, unable to speak a word,/ Swaddled with darkness." Just as Emerson saw through the shallow rationalism of the Unitarians and, in response, abandoned all hope of naming, defining or describing his God, Eliot repeatedly emphasized the poverty of language that seeks to communicate religious feelings:

> Words strain,
> Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
> Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
> Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
> Will not stay still.

Silence, stillness and humility were attitudes that they knew to be essential if one is to preserve faith in a dark, doubtful world. For both Emerson and Eliot, then, an inevitable skepticism preceded the coming to religious knowledge, a skepticism that could not be defeated on rational grounds, that rather had to be transcended by and integrated into faith:

> To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
> You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.
> In order to arrive at what you do not know
> You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.

But here the paths that Emerson and Eliot took to faith sharply diverged. For Emerson, succession is a necessary condition of temporal experience; it is a "lord of life." There is indeed a timeless realm, but this can be known only in certain moments of great intensity and vision. Thus Emerson's view of experience remained dualistic in its distinction between the human and the divine worlds. He might hope to cross over, to transcend his limitations, but he made no attempt to integrate time on the human level; his transcendence is possible only through succession. The transcendent moment is only one among many atomic units of time—moments that must be regarded as ephemeral and therefore doubted. For Eliot, this notion of transcendence within succession is thoroughly unsatisfactory; in "Gerontion" he implicitly denied it, in "East Coker" he made his objection clear:

> Not the intense moment
> Isolated, with no before and after,
> But a lifetime burning in every moment.

The journey to Little Gidding is a quest for a total integration of time, not simply a collection of successive moments, certainly

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not a denial of time, but a visionary fusion in which past and future are present in every moment. "A people without history," he said, almost in answer to Emerson, "Is not redeemed from time . . ."

> So, while the light fails
> On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
> History is now and England.

Basically, the difference here between Emerson's and Eliot's concepts of time is implied in the classical distinction between *being* and *becoming*. Emerson found himself in an endless flow of unrealities, but believed that he might, at one rich point of time, rise to a vision of a timeless Being. His intellectual life began, we should remember, with his studies of Locke, Hume and the Scottish Realists; it was Hume's striking analysis of succession that formed the persisting assumptions of Emerson's view of time. Although in later years he attempted to make room for an evolution, the new theory was never fully digested, and his empiricism prevailed. Eliot, on the other hand, was distinctly post-Darwinian in outlook. History in the *Four Quartets* is change, development, duration; vision is an intuitive grasp of a reality that is still temporal, but not discontinuous. "Only through time time is conquered." For Eliot there was no escape, only a hope for an integration of past and future. I call this an evolutionary view because it assumes that duration is reality itself; each man's history, biological and social, is gathered up in the present, and the future is likewise implied in the same moment. There is but one reality and this is temporal, this is Becoming. In the chapel—"At the still point of the turning world"—time and God are one.

> Quick, now, here, now, always—
> . . . . .
> And the fire and the rose are one.

To come finally to an understanding and an estimate of the relationship between Emerson and Eliot, one might well keep in mind the distinction between morals and mysticism. The younger Eliot was profoundly and exactingly a moralist, a critic in prose and verse who viewed Emerson as the spokesman for much that was blind and even pernicious in nineteenth-century America. Everything implied by that "lengthened shadow" came under Eliot's scrutiny giving rise to a new morality for the twentieth century. Indeed, after "The Waste Land," after the social horrors that brought it about and that it describes, it seems not likely that many can return to the tepid doctrines of "Compensation" and the rest. Still, Eliot recognized a tougher aspect of Emerson's thought: undergoing his own agony of skepticism, he saw that Emerson too was born to the "Boston doubt," was, to use Emerson's phrase, born with a knife in his brain. Both were unable to accept the neat dogmas offered them; but also unwilling to stop at the question or end in denial, they went toward faith and gained the mystical vision that confirmed it.

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A Return to Zero

KAI T. ERIKSON

The task of reviewing *Love's Body** by Norman O. Brown is made more complicated by the difficulties of explaining what it is all about. In content, the book is an epilogue to Brown's earlier work, *Life Against Death,* and as such it is an attempt to describe the anatomy of the human spirit from the point of view of a rather mystical and exuberant brand of psychoanalysis. The problem, however, is that *Love's Body* turns out to have rather little body. Each paragraph in the text is architecturally separate, punctuated by its own footnotes and divided from the passages surrounding it by a space of three or four blank lines, and as a result there are times when the whole reads more like a scrapbook than an essay. Each paragraph is something like a proposition, something like a verse, something like an extended aphorism, but not really any of these. Now the art of writing surely does not require that an author present his materials in the conventional arrangement of academic argument, but the art of reviewing does depend on something of the sort—and Brown's choice of design, so effective for some purposes, creates a real problem for the reviewer.

There is another sense, too, in which *Love's Body* lacks a more common sort of substance. The main thrust of the book is carried by quotations, drawn from a remarkable variety of sources. Psychoanalysis is represented by people like Freud, Roheim, Ferenczi and Melanie Klein, each of whom is cited dozens of times, and occasional lines from an extraordinary gathering of people —poets like Blake, political theorists like Hobbes and Locke, anthropologists like Frazer—are scattered like so many bright threads through the fabric of the argument. It is a brilliant display of color, but the total effect is sometimes a little fragmented. Brown introduces *Love's Body* by expressing his debt "to a very great company . . . my authorities, my authors," and he is not being coy: he has arranged his material so that others *do* carry a major portion of the weight, and very effectively so. But the quotations selected do not always represent the fields from which they were drawn—nor, for that matter, do they always represent the main body of thought of the men who wrote them—and thus the presence of these lines often lends more decoration than authority to Brown's text.

When we ask what manner of book this is, we run the risk of trying to press Brown's thesis into some conventional framework for which he himself has scant respect and from which he advocates escape; yet it is difficult to see how one can do otherwise. The book is not historical, despite its concern with the origins of contemporary man, because it deals with a sense of time outside chronology. It is not psychoanalytic in the more narrow professional sense because it is not informed by clinical experience or grounded in clinical concerns. It is not sociological or anthropological because it

* *Random House. $5.95.*

✪ KAI T. ERIKSON, recently appointed associate professor of sociology at Yale University, was formerly associate professor of psychiatry and sociology at Emory University. His first book, *Wayward Puritans: A Study in the Sociology of Deviance,* was published in May.

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pays little attention to the thin yield of data from either field. It is not biological because it poses the existence of energies and conflicts in human life that have no point of reference in the human body as biologists ordinarily see it. In short, the book is not seasoned by the discipline of any particular logic or perspective, and while this might have been its greatest strength, it turns out to be its most immediate weakness. The authority of the quotations which Brown has sprinkled throughout the text have the effect—for the moment, at least—of lending their reflected light to Brown's argument, but in the long run the senses tend to become flooded with the richness of it all because one loses touch with whatever fixed frames of reference one habitually uses to judge the wit or clarity of an author's point. To say, as Brown does, that "death is coitus and coitus is death" or that "copulation is uterine regression" is both very true and very false, both profound and absurd; and the result is that over a long enough stretch of words the average value of these remarks tends to even out at a level very close to zero. This may be what the author is after, but it poses a special problem for the reader. When one tries to take a critical measure of phrases like these, to fix them somewhere in his own map of reality, he is apt to find them drifting out of reach—relevant, compelling, fascinating, but somehow inapproachable. Now Brown does not try to shape his insights to fit our more pedestrian maps of reality, for these maps are an important target of his argument. But a book that requires this much suspension of conventional logic can only be judged by the degree to which it moves or compels us—the degree to which the author's vision matches some private vision of our own—and here the reader finds himself in difficulty. The problems of credibility with which Brown must deal are not unlike those faced by Freud when he first began to explain the scientific basis of psychoanalysis, but Freud at least tried to convey what his own experience had been at the time he was making his discoveries and told us where to stand if we wanted to gain the same perspective, the same angle of vision, that he had found. This Brown does not try to do. He does not instruct us how we might follow him onto the same level of abstraction at which he is operating.

All of this should illustrate the dangers of trying to outline Brown's thesis in a page or two, but here is what one reviewer makes of it.

To begin with, Brown sees the development of man the species as one continuous catastrophe, a long, traumatic Fall from some earlier state of grace. It was a catastrophe when man's ancestors crawled out of the liquid sea and had to adapt to the harsh dry air; it was a catastrophe when man's ancestors began to develop differential sex characteristics and were sorted into two distinct halves; it was a catastrophe when the primal father was overturned by his sons and left an inheritance of murder to all of mankind. And new catastrophes are continually added to this dismal record every time a new creature is born and is wrenched from the body of its mother, every time man invents a new social form that further divides the larger body of mankind into separate classes and orders, nations and cultures. Man's Fall has been one long process of fission and differentiation, a breaking apart of some primitive essence into various segments and fragments. The tragedy of human life is that man continues to promote this kind of division at the very moment he is exhausting his energies in a dim effort to reverse the tide of catastrophe. He seeks unity in the midst of separation, enlists in the service of Thanatos while longing for the victory of Eros, and commits himself to a perpetual form of neurosis.

The process of differentiation, then, begins in biological evolution and is reinforced by human history. And man's own history begins with an event that took place somewhere out of time—the primal crime, the rebellion of the sons against the father and their quarrel over his estate. All the social structures that men build around themselves are an artificial elaboration of this archetypical event. And in the meantime, the real human spirit is sys-

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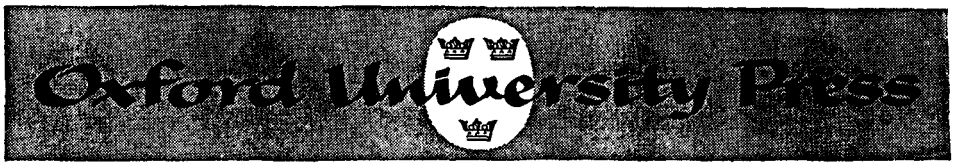

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tematically repressed as men create more and more fragmented social arrangements in a futile attempt to turn back to something dimly remembered in their past. Betrayed by their biological fate, betrayed by their history, betrayed by the civilizations they build, men are doomed to a restlessness and frustration that is resolved only in death.

If the force and power of this imagery come from Blake, the sociology comes from Hobbes and the social contract theorists. Men gather into societies, drawn together by fear of the murderous inclinations they feel seething inside them, and try to fashion a structure of law and constraint more powerful than their own individual impulses. In the process, they seal themselves in an envelope of inhibitions which separates them from meaningful contact with one another and detaches them from their own nature.

In the same sense that human communities are fragments torn away from the body of mankind, so human activities are artificially differentiated fragments of some larger body of experience. Heterosexual relations between adults, for instance, are not a discrete activity, dictated by nature or elected by choice: they are a pale substitute for a more general sexuality which man cannot afford to recognize in himself. Birth and death and copulation are all fragments of the same act, and what man seeks in his restless comings and goings is somehow to combine the fragments of his everyday existence into the unity of experience from which they were once torn. Thus man hopes to possess both penis and vagina, he seeks both potency and castration, he yearns for both life and death, youth and experience, action and passivity; he wants to be both man and woman, mother and child, subject and object; he seeks identity in a posture between the artificial halves of every division; he is transvestite, hermaphroditic, androgynous, polymorphous. And he seeks this position not because he wants to escape his nature but exactly because this *is* his nature. The essence of his being lies submerged under the scaffolding of distinctions and differentiations that have been imposed upon him by his biological and historical fate.

> The rents, the tears, splits and divisions are mindmade; they are not based on the truth but on what the Buddhists call illusion, what Freud calls unconscious fantasies. The prevailing sense of reality, the prevailing forms of knowledge, are ruled by the instinct of aggression and division, are under the dominion of the death instinct. We are in Satan's kingdom; to build a Heaven in Hell's despite is to construct an erotic sense of reality.

On the basis of what kind of program, then, do we seek this "erotic sense of reality" and cast our lot with Eros? In the first place, we return to symbolism and myth where we can again recover a sense of the connectedness of all things. We are all members of one body and that body is mankind. The Fall of Man was the fall into division and separation; the resurrection of the body of mankind has to be based on a new awareness of "the unity of the whole cosmos as one living creature" (Brown paraphrasing Plato), on the "principle of communion buried beneath the surface separations."

The resources for achieving that unity, as it turns out, lie asleep in man's unconscious, ready to be mobilized in the creation of a new world. For Brown tells us that Hobbes and Freud were only partly right in their assumption that man must yield to the jurisdiction of society in order to govern the murder in his soul. The unconscious is a reservoir of instinctive urges to seek reunion, to return to a state of oneness with nature, to slide back into the sea, to fold one's own individuality back into the community of the mother's womb. One does not find here any sharp compulsions to murder father or fight brother, for man is impelled by his memory of the primal crime rather than by any aggressive instinct: the original rebellion of the sons against the father is a past event etched into the tissue of men's minds, an archaic remain stored away in the recesses of the unconscious which can presumably be released and dissipated with sufficient acts of atonement. So the content of our libido need not be feared. Lying there in the hidden corners of the mind is a feeling of cosmic oneness, and

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nowhere do we find the storm of antagonism and aggression that another Freud—a different authority from the one Brown is consulting here—taught us to approach with caution.

> The unconscious, then, is not a closet full of skeletons in the private house of the individual mind; it is not even, finally, a cave full of dreams and ghosts in which, like Plato's prisoners, most of us spend our lives—
>
> The unconscious is rather that immortal sea which brought us hither; intimations of which are given in moments of "oceanic feeling"; one sea of energy or instinct; embracing all mankind, without distinction of race, language, or culture; and embracing all the generations of Adam, past, present, and future, in one phylogenetic heritage; in one mystical or symbolic body.

The program, then, is to release the energies locked away in the unconscious, to break open the seal of repression so that we can give license to the dormant humanity lying there. The very last thing man needs is a more coherent sense of his own identity, a stronger feeling of selfhood, for these are exactly the psychological properties that exaggerate and confirm the divisions between us. ("The solution to the problem of identity is, get lost.") In many ways, ego strength is the fatal weakness, tearing apart the body of mankind into individual particles called "persons." The neurosis of man is not a product of the destructive energies that lie crouched in the unconscious, but a product of the various defense mechanisms men have evolved to combat them, and thus men might live far more handsomely without the sense of reality imposed by the ego or the net of constraints imposed by the superego.

Perry Miller once described the New England Puritans as persons yearning to "externalize their own neurasthenia," and this is not unlike the future Brown would elect for mankind. He argues that we must shift the baseline according to which we measure reality, turn it inside out, allow the energies of the unconscious to define reality for us. We will then discover an important truth; that the imagery of schizophrenia is more real than the imagery of science, that dream states are more real than wakefulness, that the archaic memories stored in the unconscious are more real than history, culture, society, and the whole baggage of civilization.

This is a program to obliterate all boundaries—to crumble any distinctions between self and the external world, between mine and thine, between inside and outside, between man and woman, mind and body, subject and object. And quite naturally, the revolution will inflict many casualties. Men will have to do without property, personality, defense mechanisms, and all distinctions of self; they will have to conduct their affairs in this world without law, society, family, language, or any viable form of social organization. It is to be quite a housecleaning.

In a way, then, we do return to zero, for the requirements of this program are a holocaust, a burning away of the whole elaborate superstructure of mind and society and a return to something dim and distant in the life of the species. The apocalypse can only come when men break with the sense of reality they have invented, reverse the logics they have been using, and stretch the edges of consciousness beyond any mindmade barrier—in short, become a little mad. What we will have, then, is a world of symbolism and multiple meaning in which definitions are never fixed but are subject to continual revelation. We will have a world in which time is circular rather than linear, where events never occur but only reoccur. We will have, says Brown, "another scheme of time, another scheme of causality," a world that has moved "from history to mystery."

It would be best to regard the past two or three pages as a sample of Brown's thinking rather than as a summary of his book, for there is much else there not figured in this account—and much that I do not understand at all. But the sample is enough to indicate the scope and temper of Brown's effort. It should be clear that the logic of Brown's position cannot really admit any kind of critical encounter: to say that it does not correspond to what biologists think they know about evolution or what anthro-

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pologists think they know about the origins of human culture or what ethologists think they know about instinct is not to say anything damaging at all, because Brown does not rest his thesis on anything so slender as data. The evidence of man's senses, disciplined by the methods of the various sciences, are part of the veil that Brown thinks man has drawn between himself and the truth, and he is hardly going to be dismayed if we tell him that those of us who operate out of the more routine academic specialties cannot find a place for his vision anywhere in our philosophies. So all we can do is ask how compelling we find that vision, how closely it matches the other furniture of our minds.

As for myself, I can report that I found Brown's account both fascinating and unacceptable. Brown would presumably ask that I be governed by my sense of fascination and abandon the frames of reference I ordinarily use to judge whether or not a thesis seems sensible, and the challenge is an interesting one; but I am caught short by what Brown would be compelled to call the neurosis of our age and what I am compelled to call the logic of scientific inquiry.

The problem with *Love's Body* from that point of view is its reliance on the notion that repression is the natural consequence of social organization. Comparing the behavior of other animals with that of man, there is every reason to suppose that nature is far more repressive than society, if only in the sense that most creatures are constrained by an elaborate network of inhibitions which are built into their instinctual equipment and reinforced by an environment that offers precious few options. The rituals governing mating, eating, courting, fighting, or any other form of activity in animals lower on the phylogenetic scale than man, are so fixed in their rigidity, so encompassing in their range, that one is almost forced to conclude that the mechanisms of society represent a lessening of the bonds tying men to their fate rather than an additional burden of restraint. After all, Dionysus is an invention of civilization. This is an old controversy, of course, but for those still willing to assume that men are capable of making some sense out of the universe in which they live, the evidence available to us from recent investigations into animal social behavior offers a new base for argument.

If ever a boundary needed to be obliterated it is that between the state of nature and the state of society. It is natural for man to live in society. It is natural for men to form family units. It is natural for men to band together in communities, to develop divisions of labor, to distinguish between the helpless young and the responsible adult. And the evidence that these arrangements are natural is simply that the species could not have survived one generation without them. To go beyond this, to say that the essence of man could be something outside his biological inheritance or the cultural universe he creates, is indeed moving from the world of history to the world of mystery, and before long our power to draw insight from analogies like these is lost. For example, it is highly compelling to conjecture that the primal crime occurred at some lost moment in the past and has doomed man to a catastrophe called society; but it is only reasonable to point out that the circumstances of this original murder—the fact that the sons knew who their father was, the fact that the father had an estate to fight over—all suggest that something like society was already in existence. It is no easy matter to move back and forth between biology and myth, but if society existed prior to the emergence of man as a developed species—and the weight of evidence would indicate that it did—then the kind of argument that Brown invites us to share is blurred beyond our power to cope with it.

There are other matters here of similar concern. For one thing, man as a biological body could not possibly survive the program of reform Brown proposes for it, and perhaps other readers will share my suspicion that this is really the point after all—a kind of purification by annihilation. But beyond that, there is another question to ask. If civilization does operate in the fashion Brown supposes, are there any consequent gains in sheer humanity which we

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might want to score to its credit? For if repression does take the form Brown describes, we should note that it has bought man some qualities of considerable benefit to him—a sense of responsibility toward his young, a willingness to support and nourish those of his own kindred who might otherwise lose out in the struggle for survival, a form of human sexuality that is politically manageable and (incidentally) assures the survival of the species. This is not an advertisement for the virtues of society, but it may very well be an indication that the real nature of man—his humanity—is a product of, rather than a casualty of, the social structures he has built around himself. In taking so dim a view of these human qualities, *Love's Body* can also be said to lack love.

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Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

The Second Vatican Council was doubtless the most widely discussed international assembly in human annals as well as, in religious terms, the most unexpectedly revolutionary. Published comment on it in all languages already adds up to mountains of printed pages, and perhaps what is still to come by way of inference and explication will prove even more voluminous. One might, therefore, well imagine that another book, brief and succinct as this one is, could add very little that was either fresh or significant. Gratifyingly enough, this one does.

What it provides is perspective. Mr. MacEoin attended the sessions of the Council as a reporter. Although what he accomplished in this role is not as distinguished as are the accounts of Xavier Rynne, it was very good, nevertheless, and provided that awareness of the inner rhythm of events in the making that only active participation can give. He also brought to the task an unusual insight into both the institutionalized life of the Church and the currents of reflection that had been moving under what had appeared to be a relatively tranquil surface.

What did John XXIII have in mind when he summoned the Council? Mr. MacEoin believes that there were three major considerations. Vatican Council I had closed in 1870 with only half of its task completed. It defined papal infallibility but could not, because of the political upheaval of the time, find a formula for the authority of the "college" of bishops. In terms of the scriptural mandate to the apostles, this obviously demanded attention. Meanwhile, the number of bishops had greatly increased, and many of them were identified with cultures and nations that were outside the ken of nineteenth-century Europe. Obviously the Pope as Bishop of Rome could not any longer determine how all his numerous confreres could best carry out their missions.

But because the work of the first Vatican Council had not been completed, it was quite natural that an unwarranted centralization took place in the Church. The Roman Curia, although certainly a necessary ecclesiastical civil service, became more and more a self-appointed mouthpiece for papal authority, and the network of nuncios throughout the world at least created the impression that sentinels of the Curia were everywhere on hand to insure conformity with its views. That a reform was necessary was recognized clearly by Pius XI and Pius XII, but the obstacles proved insurmountable.

The second consideration was Christian unity. Mr. MacEoin's analysis of this problem is well-informed and convincing. Previous Councils had been concerned with this "scandal of Christendom," but the invitations issued to the "separated brethren" plainly indicated that the purpose

✪ GEORGE N. SHUSTER, former president of Hunter College, has been Assistant to the President of the University of Notre Dame since 1960. He was the United States representative to the executive board of UNESCO and author of *UNESCO: Assessment and Promise.* Other books by Mr. Shuster are *The English Ode from Milton to Keats, Ground I Walked On* and *Albert Gregory Cardinal Meyer.*

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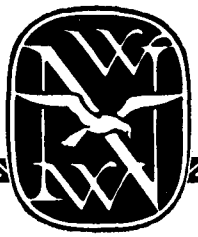

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was to bring about unity through subordination to the Church of Rome. Pope John threw this method of approaching the problem out of the window that tradition maintains it was his decision to open. He said that the Council would not deal with unity but would discuss to the best of its ability what would have to be done if unity were ever to be achieved. Observers, from the Orthodox, Protestant and Anglican churches, were invited. At first those who came often sniffed about suspiciously. But as the sessions proceeded, more and more attended with a steadily increasing sense of satisfaction. This was one of the most noteworthy achievements of the Council.

The third consideration was the desire of John XXIII to open a dialogue between the Church and human society as a whole. A blueprint for this had been drawn in his encyclical letter *Pacem in terris*. Although the Council did not succeed in adding much of great significance to this manifesto, it did draw up some interesting guidelines. Above all, it endorsed the Pope's initiative.

During the preparatory work for the Council and continuously after that, the Curia strove to reduce the bringing up to date (the *aggiornamento*) to the barest minimum. In addition to its conviction that its methods and policies had slowly become the "tradition of the Church," it was persuaded that not many of the world's bishops could be counted upon as favoring the Pope's views. Had not all of them been selected for their orthodoxy and habit of obedience? Were not many of them alumni of Rome's ecclesiastical academic institutions?

But hardly had the Council session begun than it became apparent that the vast majority of the bishops (denominated the Council Fathers) were heartily committed to the Pope's desires for change. The Curia fought with both determination and ability. Indeed the procedures laid down for the Council gave it many an opportunity for maneuver. Sometimes they watered down a resolution, upon occasion (as witness the statement on the Jews) to the point of virtual extinction.

Mr. MacEoin concludes that the battle for the retention of Curial authority is not yet over. It has nests of supporters in virtually all the countries of the world, including the United States. Nevertheless, the Council has obviously captured the future. Young people will not know the older Latin liturgy, which many older persons now look back upon with nostalgia. Religious orders and schools of theology are breathing in the spirit of the Council. Above all, the "collegiality" of the bishops has been established. Against so mighty a tide of change conservatism cannot prevail.

The book has one weakness, perhaps, although it may be attributed to a desire for brevity. Being directed to British and American readers, it deals in a very cursory fashion with the schools and the experience of northern Europe. These exercised decisive influence. In short, this is not a definitive interpretive history of the Council, but it is the best indicator so far made available as to what such a history will be sometime.

No Mystery Lost

THE DIARY OF ANAÏS NIN, 1931-1934. *Edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.*

Reviewed by HARRIET ZINNES

The legendary Anaïs Nin loses none of her mystery with the publication of the first volume of her diary. The mystery merely becomes palpable: it is the mystery of woman, giver and goddess. (It is a mystery unknown to the Albees and Genets, but a mystery still transcendent.) A feminine presence pours forth from this diary, a diary that has long been known in the literary underground where the privileged few had glimpsed pages and the many had waited impatiently for its publication. Now all can read, in part (this diary covers only

HARRIET ZINNES, whose poetry and criticism have appeared both here and abroad, is the author of a recently published volume of poems, *An Eye For An I.* Mrs. Zinnes is an assistant professor at Queens College where she teaches creative writing and modern literature.

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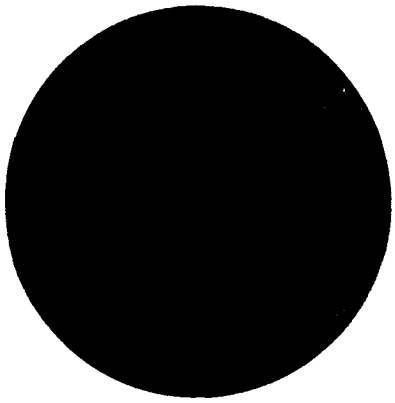

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the years 1931-1934—and there are still fifteen thousand pages, one hundred and fifty volumes, remaining in iron boxes), what has been long awaited and can judge what must be universally admired.

Here is the beginning of the journal of Anaïs Nin, novelist, short story writer, critic (her study of D. H. Lawrence, published as early as 1932, has not yet been equaled in its intuitive grasp of the real Lawrence). Here is the work that began because a Spanish composer father Joaquin Nin abandoned his Danish-born wife and his children. The diary became the daughter's salvation. It allowed her to endure exile in the midst of inelegant surroundings in the foreign metropolis of New York. A "sorrow made me create a protective cave, the journal," she wrote. This sorrow, the loss of her father who represented a cosmopolitan world of art and society, is behind not only the diary but behind those strange, beautiful novels now collectively called *Cities of the Interior*. Because a girl of eleven lost a father whom she feared even as she loved, the journal and her fiction are born. The men of her novels and short stories are adumbrated by this father-figure—floating, ambiguous, loved, hated, obfuscating the day, bringing on the dream that is so characteristic of those novels hovering on the borderline of the surreal.

Everywhere throughout the diary the compulsions of the artist are in evidence, and I say this even though Miss Nin's friends, and analysts, frequently saw the compulsion to keep the diary as an evasion and obstacle to artistic fulfillment. It seems to me that the diary in its obsession with the real, the momentary, the active and the psychic compelled the writer to experience the same submission to the disciplined will that the artist experiences in the making of any artifact—the same inevitable failures of comprehension, the same realization of the need to face the terrors of beauty, even those emerging from the kind of sordidness and dirt that Henry Miller, a leading character in the diary, encouraged Miss Nin to experience. The diarist's relationship with Henry Miller, whom she met when as a young woman she had returned to France, was a kind of *rite de passage*. She writes: "Henry embraces everything, the ugly, the sick, the vulgar." Miss Nin had to fight against her natural leaning toward the aristocratic and the elegant. Knowing instinctively that to snub the common is to withdraw from art, she had to deny her own inclination toward a world filled "with people of quality, with beauty and finesse," a world that she knew was dead, "static." She therefore welcomed the world of Henry Miller and that of his strange wild beautiful wife June.

And what a different world it was. How it contrasted with her life at her home in Louveciennes. Miller loved this two-hundred-year-old house, with its walls a yard thick, its big garden. Anaïs Nin loved, on the other hand, to come away from her home, her beautiful china, and to make coffee for Miller with discarded, chipped crockery in his Parisian workman's apartment where one walked up uncarpeted stairs, used old shirts for kitchen towels and heard through the thin walls the noises of crude lives. Miss Nin cursed at times her own image, with its "over-fineness, over-delicacy, the pride, the vulnerability which makes people want to preserve me, treat me with care." She yearned for a violation, and her own beauty seemed a barrier, a wall that prevented her from experiencing the very life she yearned to live. It was Miller therefore whom she lived "against" and "with." "I feel conscious of his life. I feel rich with it," she wrote. And as one knows from the recently published *Letters to Anaïs Nin* from Henry Miller, she was his complement: her elegance, her beauty, her dreams against his reality.

The importance of Antonin Artaud (poet, actor, originator of the "theater of cruelty") in Miss Nin's life parallels that of Henry Miller. Artaud satisfied a yearning of the artist to experience a violent nature, to destroy the elegance and refinement that prevented her from "dying for a god." It was Artaud who offered death—a holocaust. To Anaïs Nin, whose compassion enslaved her, the knowledge of the dark, bitter Artaud was a shock, and a revelation. Yet she could only feel immense pity. Her own

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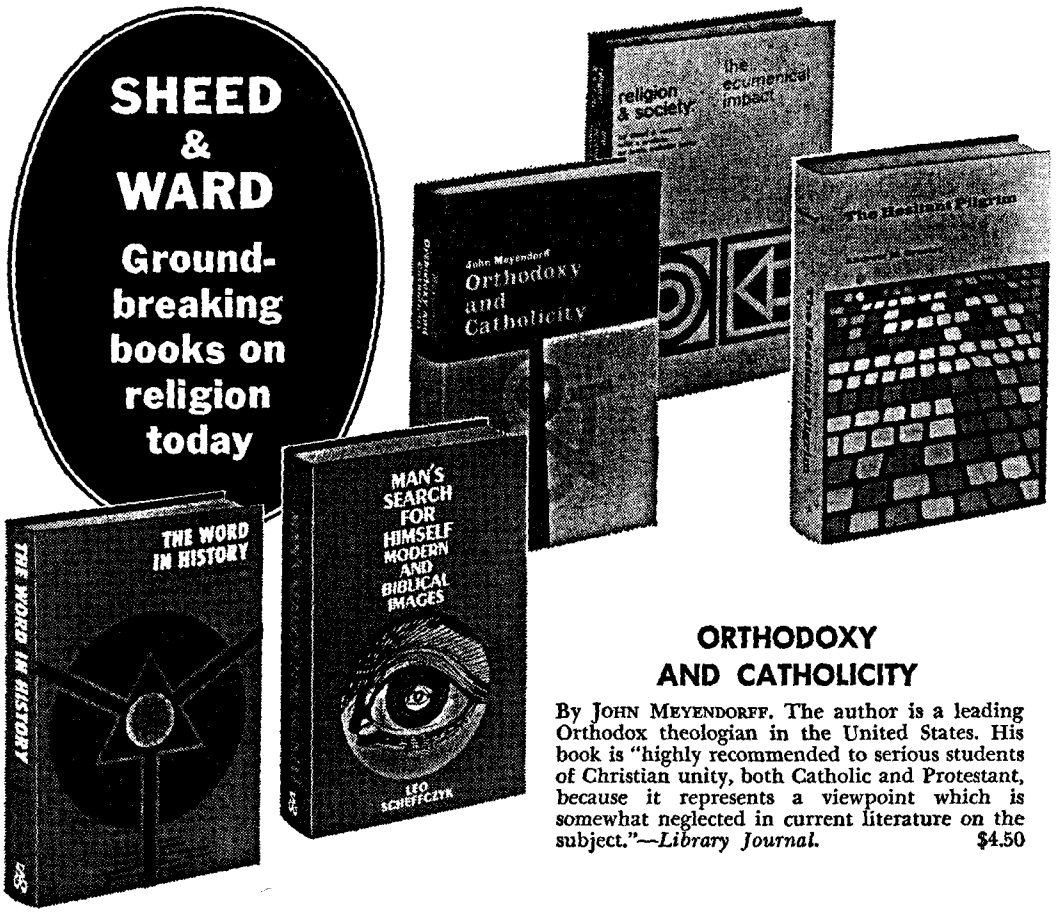

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silences, unlike those of Artaud, which he felt bound them together, were not deaths, abortions, but life directed toward a constantly renewed imagination.

It is a recognition of her pity and her compassion that leads to an understanding of the person and writer, Anaïs Nin. Strangely, it was this compassion that she tried to overcome through analysis, first with Dr. René Allendy and then with the famous Dr. Otto Rank. She went to Rank chiefly to solve the conflict with her father, but it was her compassion that presented her with another father, Rank himself, and then, as she says, with "another loss."

Miss Nin's compassion compels her to portray through her art the nature of woman. She writes: "And what I have to say is really distinct from the artist and art. *It is the woman who has to speak.* And it is not only the woman Anaïs who has to speak, but I who have to speak for many women. As I discover myself, I feel I am merely one of many, a symbol. I begin to understand June, Jeanne, and many others. George Sand, Georgette Lebalon, Eleonora Duse, women of yesterday and today. The mute ones of the past, the inarticulate, who took refuge behind wordless intuitions; and the women of today, all action, and copies of men. And I, in between. Here lies the personal overflow, the personal and feminine overfulness."

It is the double role of woman as giver and goddess that Anaïs Nin herself reveals and in her art defines. To her friends, Miss Nin becomes a being almost above personal needs, as the Henry and June Miller episodes demonstrate. "Because I am a woman who understands, I am asked to understand everything, to accept everything," she writes in a moment of despair over the Millers. That she is so much the woman is both her strength and weakness. Painfully she cries out: "I am a human being, not a goddess." As human being, she turns artist. With so much compassion, she must write down for others the meaning of woman, especially of modern woman. She sees this as her own purpose as writer, even if, at the same time, she must confess: "But I feel alive only when I am living for or with others! And I'll be a great artist in spite of that. And if I am not a great artist, I don't care. I will have been good to the artist, the mother and muse and servant and inspiration. It's right for a woman to be, above all, human. I am a woman first of all."

It is interesting that the fascination that June Miller had for Anaïs Nin is the fascination that a woman who beguiles and destroys has for one who is worshiped and who creates. When Miss Nin lays her head on the knees of the willful, mad June, she says, in harmony with her creative nature: "June, I worship you." Back comes the inevitable reply: "I don't want worship. I want understanding." Giver and goddess, not united, in woman creates chaos. June Miller is that chaos.

But if in her own life Miss Nin worked out her destiny obedient to her womanly nature, to the giver and the goddess in her, her own search for truth seemed to nurture what Henry Miller has recently described as "a personality in whom everything but the artist has been exorcised." Thus there is that mysterious contradiction in the diary, for as each living moment is boldly described almost at the very moment of its action, the result is a kind of intaglio. Miller seemed to be thinking of this paradox when he wrote: "Of the author of this monumental confession it might today be said with great truth that she lives entirely in the imagination."

Let Us Not Question

ASSEMBLAGE, ENVIRONMENTS, AND HAPPENINGS. *Text and design by Allan Kaprow. Abrams. $25.*

Reviewed by DOUGLAS M. DAVIS

With Mr. Kaprow's book in hand, we can now begin again the painful task of

✪ DOUGLAS M. DAVIS, art and poetry critic of the *National Observer*, has contributed articles, essays and short stories to many periodicals. He is at present writing a book on current developments in the fine arts for Dow Jones and Company and editing an anthology of "black humor" to be published by E. P. Dutton.

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revising the methodology of criticism in our time. It is not that he reveals truths unknown about Assemblage, Environments, and Happenings—or, as I prefer to say, Space/Time Art. No, what Mr. Kaprow has managed, at last, is a pinning down of the shifting, elusive, three-dimensional phenomena of the new art to the analytic, one-dimensional plane of art history. Perhaps at no time in the history of art has such a service been so necessary: Happenings are performed and forgotten, for example, environments difficult to transport and display. But here at last is a *record*—made of equal parts text and large, lavish photographs (more than two hundred)—with which the critics can deal in the safe remove of the study. The dealing will not be easy, for in the process we will have to discard the tools of formal criticism so carefully fashioned in the 1940's and 1950's by Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg in response to a *fixed* art, largely concerned with its own structural relationships. The new tools must be derived, as were the old, from the new art itself, an art that pushes resolutely outward, away from itself.

I find myself no better prepared than anyone else to fashion those tools. I am prepared to declare their necessity, however, and to prophesy both their inevitability and their shape. They are as inevitable, to begin with, as Space/Time Art itself. Mr. Kaprow's book, particularly its photographs of Happenings in process, demonstrates this forcibly. The line from Impressionism through the Happening is unerring. Once the Impressionists lent credential to the fleeting rather than the stable moment, once the Dadaists isolated ready-made objects, once the Cubists broke the surface of the canvas with bits of paper and cloth, once Jackson Pollock decided to "involve" himself in his paintings, every energy necessary to the new art had been released. The steps away from the wall, the rectangle and the gallery into space (Assemblage) to the capture and incorporation of space (the Environment) to a mixture of time and animation with space (the Happening) are equally unerring, if briefer. Their progression is natural as well to American art, which sets and solves technical problems for itself in precisely this leap-frog fashion.

None of this is going completely to satisfy the formalist, of course. Nor should it. We live in an age when history is every artist's plaything: what Kaprow or Rauschenberg or Oldenburg can justify, so can lesser men. The new art will stand or fall not on its lineage but on its power to touch our sensibilities. That it must do so at a time when it is subverting every artistic canon invoked since the Renaissance is a measure of its task. The unkindest cuts—for the formalist—are the new art's flight from stability and *responsibility*. It would rather rely on chance and spontaneity than the organizing ego. It would rather mix people, trees and shaving cream than pigments. It would rather incorporate, as Kaprow himself says, a Marine Corps manual or a traffic jam than Racine or Michelangelo.

Which is precisely why the old tools need replacing. They were fashioned in a time when the artist fled from the traffic jam into himself, when he exalted paint, when he glorified self. Formalist criticism proceeded, as all honorable criticism must, from an acute, clearly conceived idea of what its subject, abstract expressionism, was attempting to do: it then judged Motherwell, Kline and De Kooning by their own standards. Somehow we must manage to do the same for the "score" of a Kaprow Happening, wherein the artist does not retreat from life but embraces, nay ingests it:

> Naked women eat giant bowls of Cheerios and milk atop a mountain of used tires. Children disgorge barrels of whitewash over the mountain. A hundred yards away, men and women swimmers in brightly colored plastic pools continually leap out of the water to catch with their mouths rubber gaskets festooned with Life Saver candies . . . . The mountain is taken down, tire by tire, and moved into the pools, and the water spills out. The children tie the adults together with the belts. They pour whitewash over the now still heaps of bodies. . . .

The beginning of our new methodology, indeed, must be the recognition of this

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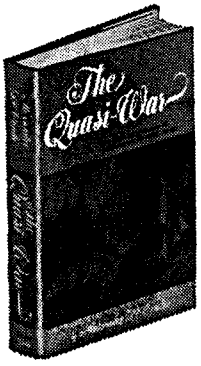

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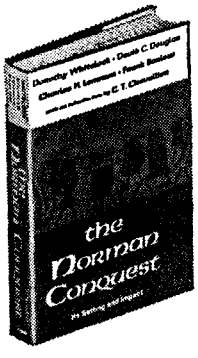

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fusion between art and life: without it, Happenings become nothing but ersatz theater. The performer/spectator must feel in himself a heightened sense of the accidental and the possible, not of predictability. It is against the false sense of order that Space/Time Art sets itself, at least in theory. "The larger issue," writes Mr. Kaprow, "[is] . . . reality understood as *constant* metamorphosis." He and his works must be held to their promise.

The new critical methodology must also take account of an art that literally—and increasingly—knows no limits. Pollock, for all his whipping and stomping, stopped at the canvas. But today we have books as big as a man, concerts performed by airplanes, dances programmed across the ocean by computers—all of these activities inseparably linked, in my opinion, to those of Mr. Kaprow and his colleagues, to the full use of space and time. Kaprow himself speaks approvingly here of lifetime Happenings and thirty-year Environments. Aristotle, in a more limited time, you will recall, said that no sane man would call an object one thousand miles long "beautiful." Today he would.

The critic must, finally, make common cause with a cast of mind set against the linear organization of experience. Mr. Kaprow admits that none of us is free from this tendency—that we are schooled to see *relationships*. That schooling must be resisted, he says, and no one who has been through a Happening can miss the sheer delight its makers feel when the events pile rapidly, one upon another, too quickly for reflection. Let us have everything at once, the new art seems to say, and let us not *question*. The critical intelligence must read all of this, the lust for empirical reality, the aversion to limit, the joy in simultaneity, not as a series of pure shapes inherently connected, but as a reaching out into the technological mystery of our time. Until we do so, until we can read the new art at least as well as we read Dada and Surrealism, we shall understand neither why it fails as often as it succeeds or why its successes touch our sensibilities so profoundly.

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A First-Rate Book

SELF AND SOCIETY: Social Change and Individual Development. *By Nevitt Sanford. Atherton. $8.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT COLES

Nevitt Sanford is a distinguished American psychologist whose career has been unusually rich and complicated. Trained in the academy, he never allowed himself to become cloistered. His name is associated with such diverse concerns as alcoholism, prison life, the college campus, the mental hospital, the "authoritarian personality"—in sum, with various kinds of individuals and with individuals in a variety of social situations. All the while he has been active in a number of professional associations and has worked exceedingly well with his colleagues as an editor, coauthor, and most recently as the director of the Institute for the Study of Human Problems at Stanford University. From time to time he has written a paper or two summarizing a specific phase of his research, and now he has gathered some of those past writings and some new observations into a first-rate book whose title, *Self and Society*, indicates its almost daring breadth of concern.

Social scientists essentially sort themselves out into two camps, those who look at the individual's mind and attitudes (whether kept to himself or shared with others) and those whose chief interest is in the "world" people must every day confront, be it the concrete neighborhoods they frequent or the intangible but equally influential climate of values and traditions they call their own enough to pass down over the generations. Although an intellectual division of labor is necessary in any field, the nature of man's life on this planet does not lend itself very well to the process of abstraction,

---

ROBERT COLES, a child psychiatrist on the staff of the Harvard University Health Services, has worked with Negro and white children in both the South and the North. He has written for a number of journals, medical, psychiatric and general. Dr. Coles's article, "Children and Racial Demonstrations," appeared in the Winter, 1964-65, issue of the SCHOLAR.

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unless the abstractions are worded in a gracefully self-defeating way that ensures theoretical flexibility and protects the truth of our contrariness, our stubborn capacity as diverse human beings to resist the descriptions we so much want to make about ourselves. Concepts like "self" or "society" are thus at once a necessity, a temptation and a very real danger. Somehow we have to gather together our thoughts and our observations, yet in doing so we can confuse our ideas (often pridefully discrete) with the "facts" of existence, hard to convey with *any* words or generalizations. The bitter and childish fights between psychiatrists (and indeed social scientists) over the relative importance of "nature" and "nurture," of the unconscious and the street-scene, in the individual's fate, show how much we simply don't know or have yet to clarify—and thus must turn into a cause for intellectual war.

This book will help make for peace, and I hope it receives the attention it deserves. It is a lucid, well written and ambitious attempt to integrate modern psychoanalytic theory with sociological knowledge, and it is an attempt made without rancor or condescension toward anyone or any system of thought—rather an achievement in itself. From the start the author tells us that he is making the effort because he is interested in social change, in seeing how contemporary institutions and practices are improved or altered—by a people, by individuals. He sets the problem before us in the first section by demonstrating that we can and do change under certain circumstances, and rigidly don't under others, so that the mind's function responds to the world's nature as well as to its "own" or "private" character.

Next he takes up the mind, largely from the point of view of the psychoanalyst that he is. The unconscious has a power and influence that simply cannot be ignored, with man considered only the sum of all forces exerted upon him from the "outside." The mind develops with a certain logic of its own, progressively coming to terms with those who give love and set rules, with those who ask for this and demand that, and with

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the body as a growing (and increasingly disciplined) source of energy and desire. There are "mechanisms" or styles to all this change and learning, and to some extent they are mechanisms universally present. We imitate others, absorb from them, blend ourselves into them, mistake them for ourselves, deny one or another feeling, or attribute to a relative or friend what is in fact "ours." Yet all this inevitable and relentless life of the mind engages from the beginning with others—with the mother and father, who live at a given time in history, in a given country, city or town, and in a certain kind of home. The so-called "mechanisms of defense" employed by the ego are not abstract entities operating as if they were participants in a chemical reaction, but continually involved with one another in what William James called "the big, blooming, buzzing confusion" of the mind. Furthermore, who except one who is at the mercy of *his* confusion can fail to see that it is not a matter of "deep" dreams and fantasies as against "superficial factors" in the "environment" but a never-ending flow of activity, stimulation and (even literally) inspiration between the mind, the body and the so-called "outside"? (The imagery we use is terribly important; it enables vision or disallows even a consideration of what might be relevant.)

Once Professor Sanford has reminded us that the baby and the breast are in a world, where money, self-respect, work and citizenship (or their absence) affect the quality and flow of milk, and where the parents are also the first lawgivers, indeed decisive agents of the community (as well as residents in it or exiles from it), he can go on to illustrate the continuity he has established in theoretical discussion with a number of particular examples. The bulk of the book is taken up with this purpose, and an impressive array of illustrations is summoned, split into two main kinds: those that show how a wayward mind can and will find (social) expression for itself, and those that indicate what effect particular institutions or communities (a college, a mental hospital, a nation) have on the various minds of the various human beings

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who belong to them or live under their (psychological, political) sway.

The author takes up his material like the tightrope walker he has to be. His caution, tolerance and subtlety are at times breathtaking, although quietly so. He can see the alcoholic's forgotten past, full of absent or twisted love, and the criminal's early years, masked by cruel and arbitrary punishment, without making of those experiences inevitable, unqualified antecedents to specific deeds or forms of behavior. He can look at youths in a college or patients in a mental hospital as people in special and highly significant settings which bring out and tone down different parts of their past lives, without surrendering those lives—the substance and power of childhood itself—to a present that is all situation and without a history. Then he can discuss (without exhortation) issues like conformity, the relationship between social action and individual development, and the meaning of words as common and potentially absurd as "health" or "maturity."

This pagan culture of ours is obsessed with man's mind and "behavior" because, among other reasons, we have turned away from Heaven and Hell with a vengeance—even theologians have. It is not too big a leap from studying the self to becoming self-centered in the more personal and disappointing sense of the term. We even see the leap accomplished by precisely those who talk in the clichés of "self-fulfillment," or "self-actualization" or "mental health," their "insights" becoming a thoroughfare to inertia that is rationalized, privilege that is tenaciously retained, and knowledge that is possessively proclaimed and arrogantly denied to others. For this reason I winced when I came across what I thought would be the author's attempt to define once again a word like "maturity." Yet he does very well for himself by largely avoiding definitions and aiming at intelligent description that does not shun the irony of psychological life. Thus, "The mature person may be healthy or unhealthy. One has only to imagine what extreme predominance of rational processes would mean—

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constriction, over-organization, emotional coldness, preoccupation with detail, over-intellectualization, and the like . . ." On the other side of the psychological spectrum he mentions the "complex, rich, interesting and still not . . . mature" person who is inefficient and unrealistic—although he may be thankfully removed from facelessness and blind obedience to the status quo. It is an achievement to have spared us one more rule of mental health, one more unequivocal statement that consigns you here and me there in the new *borgias* devised by this century's latest breed of experts.

In his concluding pages Professor Sanford argues for reason, for the mind's rational ability to see what is wrong and set out sensibly and with determination to correct it. At times his faith reminded me of Freud's, especially in his famous "introductory lectures" for the general public. Throughout his life the great Viennese explorer saw reason and science as the only *"Weltanschauung"* possible for educated and "realistic" twentieth-century man. Yet, he was not immune to man's noble wish to transcend the probable and even the possible. He, too, had utopian visions of a psychoanalytic "elect" who would rid us of hate, war and injustice.

More recently Freud's daughter Anna (see her most recent book, *Normality and Pathology in Childhood*) has delicately but firmly shown how vain some of the early expectations roused by psychoanalysis have proven to be. There is in Professor Sanford a touch of Anna Freud's willingness to look back with painful (if nostalgic) candor at dreams not fully realized. "It was assumed that all this work on child development would have practical effects," says the author in his introduction to *Self and Society*, thinking back upon his busy, earlier career. "We all believed that the children we studied would develop beyond their parents, and that this outcome would be favored by our efforts. (Parents, I am afraid, were too often regarded as villains.)" I was brought up to rely upon the *Book of Common Prayer*, and even though I now am a doctor, a child psychiatrist, I feel most comfortable with that book, and others by writers like Agee, Bernanos or Simone Weil —all of whom know from the Bible that man by nature wants Heaven on Earth, and is thus continually subject to the kind of disappointment Professor Sanford describes. Still, it is impressive (and I will say beautiful) to find sincere and kindly faith anywhere; and one of the loveliest indications of faith is the humility it eventually can inspire.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

How delightful, brilliant and devastating is Daniel Bell's latest article ["Sociodicy: A Guide to Modern Usage," AS: Autumn, 1966]. Congratulations! And thanks for giving me such a good time.

CONSTANCE R. HOGUET
New York, New York

* * *

Since I am not by trade a man of letters, I can't be sure whether William R. Hutchison's essay ["Yes, John, There Are Teachers on the Faculty," AS: Summer, 1966] is meant to be taken seriously or not. I can spot some self-contradictions, a straw man or two, and one red herring (". . . no very vital instruction of any kind can be carried on without scholarly books . . ."), but still it doesn't appear that satire was intended. A serious reply seems warranted.

I would have thought that the reality of "publish or perish" was common knowledge for which no proof was required, but since Hutchison is skeptical, let me quote President Oswald of the University of Kentucky:

> The University must insist that the majority of its professional staff is actively and continuously engaged in research and publication . . . (*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Jan. 17, 1965.)

Hutchison rightly observes that many professors (not to mention deans and even presidents) have published little or nothing, but were not most such individuals hired and promoted at a time when different rules were in force? Surely tenure is seldom granted nowadays without some show of research, with research defined as any activity that leads to publication, although the Management may be satisfied by a rather inept and half-hearted performance if a man is good at other things—teaching, for example.

Fakery in research is probably diminishing, however, because today's applicants for academic jobs have been aware of "publish or perish" since the start of their graduate education and have prepared themselves accordingly. One opinion of the effect of such preparation was given by Professor Guillemin, a very famous teacher at M.I.T.:

> The young teacher of today, with very few exceptions, does not devote such wholehearted effort to a single subject, especially to its teaching aspects. As a result, his attitudes are usually based upon a very limited appreciation of the total picture and, moreover, are biased by those applications which his particular research finds useful . . . (*Proc. IRE*, May, 1962.)

Another opinion was given by the editor of a student newspaper, a Mr. Dave Nilsson:

> If anything may be called characteristically American, it is middle-classism . . .
>
> The chief characteristic of a college infused with middle-class values is the inability of the institution to judge quality on its own merits. For anything to be considered of value, it must be capable of being measured—on a handy universal scale . . . The hero on such a campus is . . . the turkey raiser who sponsors a million-dollar research project. (*Iowa State Daily*, Jan. 30, 1965.)

It is widely believed that "publish or perish" has become rampant because it provides the necessary handy scale: the number of "refereed" publications. The recent widespread adoption by graduate schools of the E.T.S. language examination, where scores are given only in terms of deviation from the mean, looks like another example of reluctance to judge quality on its own merits.

The value which I, with Guillemin, place upon the nonspecialist as teacher may be peculiar to my field. It is most important that my sophomore students be introduced to electric circuit theory, transistors, measuring instruments, magnetic fields and system design. On the basis of his research alone, a specialist would not be qualified to cover even one of these areas, for the topics appropriate for sophomores are far removed from topics of current research interest. Specialists in Hutchison's field may do well as teachers, but even so, are specialists *needed?*

Hutchison affirms that the "most productive scholars" (by which he probably means the most prolific writers) are also the most popular with students, and that ". . . none of the several studies . . . has supported an opposite view."

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from a sermon by Timothy Alden, first president of Allegheny College at South Church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on January 4, 1801.

But John Fischer himself cited a "study" that supports an opposite view—student ratings of the Harvard faculty! I'd be happy to give Hutchison the name of an enormously prolific writer at a prominent state university who is judged a wretched teacher by students and staff alike.

We face the demise of the idea of the professor as a superstudent: a man who reads widely and grapples with ideas, the same as enrolled students, but more experienced and adroit at it than they. With the passing of this kind of professor, who will read the outpourings of publishing professors?

THOMAS M. SCOTT
Ames, Iowa

MR. HUTCHISON replies: I would not defend the kind of research that renders a man unqualified to teach sophomores. But the culprit at that point is not "research"; it is an overspecialization infecting every activity, including research, in a given field. Publication needn't lead to this kind of narrowness. The enormously prolific Guillemin of M.I.T. is a case in point.

It will be said that that kind of broad-gauged scholar was appointed—along with the nonproducing presidents—before our new rules came into effect. But quality of research as a prime criterion of advancement is about as new as the founding of the Johns Hopkins. What has changed, surely, is the number of institutions struggling to offer adequate graduate training, or to offer it in new fields, and therefore aspiring to fulfill the research and teaching functions proper to a university.

I suggested that, for innumerable academic departments, original scholarly work as a condition of tenure is (a) a desirable goal and (b) not even on the horizon as a reality. Again Mr. Scott has provided a good illustration of what I meant. Universities like Kentucky, or like my own, are barely winning the battle to have a simple "majority of their staff" holding the Ph.D. *It seems a bit early to chide them for* unbending publication requirements (which, in any case, are not a necessary inference from President Oswald's remarks).

John Fischer, while he noted two exceptions, could not and did not claim that the most noted scholars do poorly in the Harvard ratings. Mr. Scott's falling back on the spotty and unassuming *Confidential Guide* (please see the editors' foreword, entitled "What It Isn't," in the current edition), together with his offering to name one prolific but wretched teacher, exposes the tenuous foundation on which the widespread maligning of the universities is built. Anyone can name allegedly poor teachers who have gained preferment. But Dean Georges May writes me that he could "list at least a dozen men who are let go each year [at Yale] *only* because of poor teaching." Separations that, correctly or not, could be thought to reflect adverse judgments on personality are not going to be much publicized, in this or in any other profession; and the number of ineffective teachers who are prodded, or permitted, to find other situations will not be precisely known. But anyone who has sat on university appointments committees, or read placement dossiers, or heard the discussions at professional meetings about job candidates of all ranks, should know that neither teaching nor the quality of research is being ignored, whatever "common knowledge" may say.

* * *

William R. Hutchison's "Yes, John, There Are Teachers on the Faculty" [AS: Summer, 1966] is a most welcome addition to the debate on "publish or perish" and curricular reform. This articulate and perceptive article clears that which has been muddled in past dialogue. As a recent graduate having ample experience with

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the "seven-ring semester" I find myself in complete accord with Professor Hutchison's recommendations aimed at its elimination.

LEO A. KOLESKI, JR.
Boulder, Colorado

* * *

Many thanks for the article in the Summer SCHOLAR: "The Wonderful World of Culture" by Richard Franko Goldman. One could enjoy it for its wit alone, but it is so much more than that—a really penetrating analysis of a particular American foible.

RANDOLPH HOKANSON
Professor of Music
University of Washington

* * *

Bravo and thank you! (I just came across Richard Goldman's "The Wonderful World of Culture.") His words on the new *Summa* will be required reading in all my courses.

HILDE JUNKERMANN
Department of Music
Western Reserve University

* * *

During the Second World War, the late Carl Becker published a little volume with the provocative title, *How New Will the Better World Be?* In this work, he attempted to shed some much-needed light on the historic realities that would control the shape of the postwar world. While Becker made plenty of wrong guesses, as anyone in such a situation was bound to do, he also had a number of intuitions that are extremely important for a society whose building methods are changing as rapidly as ours today. At one point he wrote: "In talking about the new and better world, and still more in trying to make one, it is highly important not to lose sight of, or fail to take into account, the status quo as a whole, its fundamental virtues as well as its superficial defects."

I would like to submit that in his enthusiasm for the electronic age and the gospel according to McLuhan and Norbert Wiener, John M. Johansen in his article, "An Architecture for the Electronic Age" [AS: Summer, 1966], has fallen into the kind of pitfall pointed out so eloquently by Becker. To use an old and homely analogy, he is throwing out the baby with the bath. He is, in effect, asking the wrong question. He wants to know how we can obtain an architecture that is in tune with the electronic age. It would be more sensible to ask: How can we obtain an architecture of high quality? There is today, as in every era, no one single answer to this question. In the best periods of architectural history it has never been required that designers subscribe to one unified body of architectural doctrine. The Parthenon is, after all, very different in material and in basic design from either the Erechtheum or the Propylaea. Similar remarks could be made about a good many of the finest structures built during the Middle Ages. While some historians have attempted to see in the medieval cathedral a product of men trained in scholasticism, these buildings surely do not appeal to us because they reflect a particular way of thinking. They receive high marks because they are masterpieces of structure, space and proportion. The buildings of the present and the future are likely to be judged on the same basis.

With Carl Becker, then, I would suggest that there is much in the status quo that is worthy of retention. The structural expressionism of Mies, the sculptural approach of LeCorbusier, and the warm humanism of Aalto, all indicate paths that the designers of the twenty-first century may profitably follow. The end of the road that has been marked out by these men is not yet in sight, nor will it be, for quite some time. The computer is, in truth, a marvelous tool, but it is a tool and nothing more. As Christopher Alexander has pointed out, it would be the height of folly to take it in hand and then look around for uses. "Our effort," he writes, "must be to learn to see the actual complexities of design so clearly that we can make use of a machine to help us unravel them." (*Landscape*, Spring, 1965, p. 6.) There are in fact real dangers in the currently fashionable preoccupation with computers. Alexander remarks that the effort to state questions in such a way that the computer can be used to solve them may actually distort the view of the problem. The love of accuracy may, in time, lead to intellectual bankruptcy.

With all due respect to Mr. Johansen, who is an extremely gifted designer, I should therefore like to suggest that, if the buildings of the electronic age are to have any true quality, they will have to incorporate a good many elements that have always characterized fine architecture. Structural expressionism, rationalism and the fine arts approach all have something to contribute, and they are likely to remain valid for quite a while to come.

LEONARD K. EATON
Professor of Architecture
University of Michigan

* * *

I want to tell you how moved I was by Loren Eiseley's essay, "Science and the Unexpected

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Universe," in the Summer issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. The combination of superb style, great learning and profound thought has greatly enriched me. Thank you.

SEYMOUR SIEGAL
Associate Professor of Theology
Jewish Theological Seminary of America

* * *

As the director of a community adult education enterprise that endeavors through programs in the liberal arts and humanities to induce people to reflect upon life's ponderables and imponderables, I wish to express my gratitude for the inspiration of the beautifully written article, "Science and the Unexpected Universe," by Loren Eiseley, in the Summer issue.

THEODORE P. GNAGEY
South Orange-Maplewood Adult School
Maplewood, New Jersey

* * *

After repeated satisfying feasts on the preceding thirteen entries in the Autumn issue—editorials, articles, poems—each of which I have gnawed at and pawed at like a dog in wallowing glory with his just caught rabbit, I am impelled by the end of the fourteenth, "The Feast of Cybernesia" by Roger du Bearn, to express an effusion of gratitude. I may even have to dog around the pasture a couple of trotting turns to settle the main course before returning to a lazy dessert on the delicate remaining morsels. On the way I might even nose a few rabbits of thought from the hutches of psychic concealment out of pure cussedness. But, my esteemed intellectual gluttons, be assured! It will also be for the business of sharpening my senses for Purpose's manna.

T. M. EDWARDS, JR.
Dallas, Texas

* * *

While examining the public's "emotionalism and personal frustration" on the Vietnam issue, August Heckscher ["Democracy and Foreign Policy: The Case of Vietnam," AS: Autumn, 1966] chooses to overlook the same symptoms in the intellectual community. He admits to being "betrayed" in the 1964 election, a clear case of emotionalism and personal frustration, but doesn't seem to grasp the implications of such anti-intellectualism. Obviously, the largely hysterical reaction of intellectuals to Vietnam made no impression.

Where did the anti-intellectualism of the intellectuals take the discussions, the so much desired dialogue, on Vietnam? From Vietnik students interrupting with chants of "Get out of Vietnam" a serious address by the Assistant Secretary of State, to recent primary elections where the candidates, in a burst of meaningless, emotionally charged rhetoric, proclaimed the Vietnam war "morally indefensible and militarily untenable."

Chemists, biologists, physicians—not only ignorant of secret intelligence but of basic facts known to any careful reader of the New York *Times*—issued streams of misinformation and misinterpretation with stagey gasps and table pounding; far too many intellectuals voiced delight in the woolly pronouncements of Lord Russell, who is about to "try" the United States in an Alice-in-Wonderland court, and, God help us, lapped up instruction on international affairs from the child-care specialist, Dr. Spock!

Mr. Heckscher, resenting imputations of questionable patriotism, takes a superficial view, for he adroitly slips by a massive fact: for the first time in any war the government is not propagandizing its own citizens.

There is no Office of War Information spewing forth releases on the "Northern butchers" or posters of hated-by-documentation Ho Chi Minh. There is no Hollywood committee lathering up war fever. There are no bond drives, no scrap metal collections, no saving of cooking fat or used toothpaste tubes to give the public a sense of participation.

Maybe such hokum would simplify the problem, would soothe away the emotionalism and personal frustration, the feeling of betrayal that intellectuals nurture in their all-too-human gardens.

Maybe the Administration made a mistake with its calm and logical presentation. God knows, the intellectuals refused to listen. They were much too busy inventing their own fun and games.

Intellectuals will simply have to get used to the idea that the self-perpetuated circuses, where they resign their duty to think clearly, are immoral. They will have to stop sulking, stop flouting their "betrayal" in 1964, and finally give thoughtful consideration to the "saving remnant" of democracy in Southeast Asia.

JOSEPH L. BOWEN
New York, New York

* * *

Please accept this most heartfelt word of enthusiasm and appreciation for Richard Franko Goldman's review of the *Rockefeller Report* in the Summer SCHOLAR.

JONATHAN ELKUS
Professor of Music
Lehigh University

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